HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the next number of this journal we shall commence

A New Serial Story,

ENTITLED

TRUMPS.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

A perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the day.

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THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN CANADA.

AN obliging correspondent has sent us a sketch, which we engrave below, of the late fearful accident on the Great Western Railway, near Hamilton, Canada West. The accident occurred at about 3 A.M. on March 19, between Flamboro' and Dundas. The Superintendent of the road thus describes the event:

"The fearful storm of the 18th had washed away a portion of a heavy bank between Flamboro' and Dundas, and into this chasm the engine ran, taking with it the first portion of the train.

"The engineman, brakeman, and two or three of the passengers were killed, and several others more or less seriously injured.

"The night freight train west had passed over the spot at which this sad accident occurred in perfect safety less than half an hour before the accident happened to the night express."

Mr. Cornell, a passenger, who hails from New Bedford, has communicated the following thrilling account to the Boston *Post:*

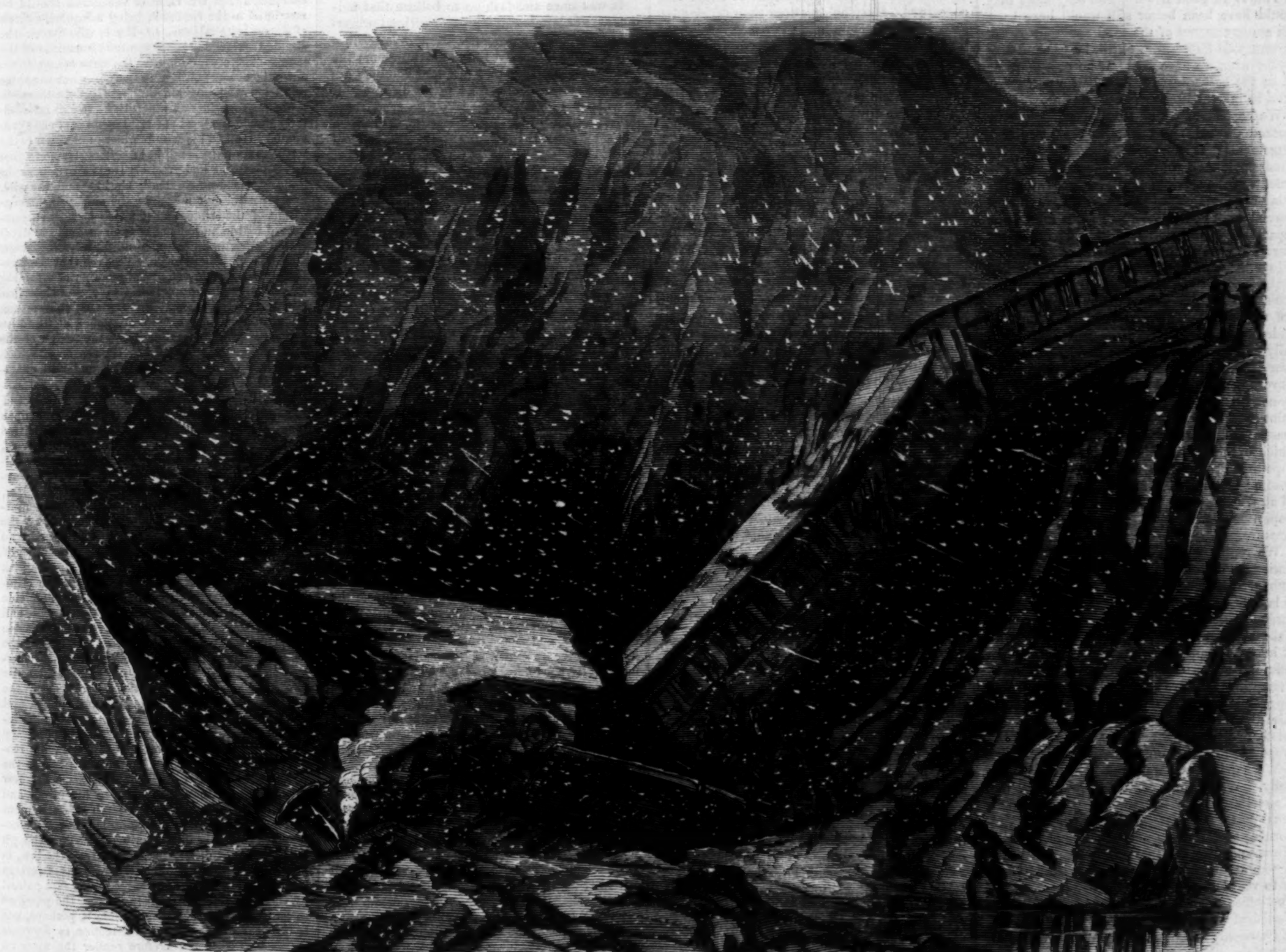
"The fearful storm of Friday night had washed away a portion of a heavy bank between Flamboro' and Dundas, and in this chasm the engine ran, taking with it the first portion of the train. At that hour of the night all the passengers in the car which he was in, the second of the first-class passenger, were fast asleep, their hats hung up, their boots off, and generally disposed for as much comfort as possible. Mr. Cornell was reclining upon his seat, which he occupied by himself, when he heard the splash created by the engine, and, in what manner he can not tell, he found his car turned completely over, and himself standing erect upon its side. It seems the chasm made by the washing away of the line was at least as long as three passenger-cars, and from twelve to twenty feet deep. Into this the locomotive rushed headlong, burying itself completely in the soil, and becoming, of course, an absolute wreck. The baggage-car fell above and on the locomotive; the first passenger-car ran aslant upon this; the second passenger-car slid under the upturned end of the first, and the third, the sleeping-car, running into this, had its corner carried away.

"Mr. Cornell found himself upon his feet on the side of the car, one end of which being higher than the other was comparatively clear, while the other was one confused heap of human beings and broken seats. The door was wrenched off, the windows all broken, and part of the floor and ceiling ripped up. All of his companions who were not injured escaped out of any available aperture; but the shrieks and groans which he heard about him induced him to remain to succor the helpless. He commenced by tearing up the pieces of seats which held a great many passengers firmly and dangerously fixed, throwing the boards, etc., out of the nearest window. He first helped out two young men, who hurried away uninjured as quickly as possible; a third had a broken leg, but crawled out of the car. Three young ladies, who were tightly wedged in, he next extricated, two without injury; the third had both her feet injured. While working away unaided in this brave manner, Mr. Cornell was supplicated by one of the ladies to be careful and not hurt her; and it was with the greatest trouble, and only by cutting away her clothing that he finally got her free. With her sister he put her out at the door, and they jumped out in safety. In the pile of human beings under these ladies, were two others whom he next attempted to succor—one, a young man, he finally drew forth, and passed him out of the car; his leg was broken and he was very much injured; the next object was a dead body, some poor creature killed at once; finally he came to two others—a man and his wife. The woman was firmly held by her feet by pieces of seats and planks, and beneath her was her husband, wedged tightly in the ruins, his head only being visible. To extricate the woman required the greatest care, for her husband was in peril of suffocation by dislodging pieces of wood. He finally got her out, and lifted her to a window to some one above; both of her legs were broken. The husband he also set free; he was not much injured, though very much bruised. Mr. Cornell says he was the last live one in the car. He extricated all he could, and then left it himself.

"The scene presented outside was of the most frightful description. The furious equinoctial storm was raging in all its violence—it was blowing a hurricane, the snow was falling, the water was yet washing over the ridge of the mountain, on whose side the track is built, and the difficulty of succoring the wounded or extricating the dead and the living as much increased. The cars lay in absolute wreck, passengers were looking for friends, the wounded were groaning, and the utmost confusion prevailed. To add to all this, another engine was seen rapidly approaching, evidently unconscious of the casualty. Every body shouted and screamed to induce it to stop, lest it should destroy itself and destroy all the wounded who still remained in the ruins.

"Fortunately the engineer stopped, and subsequently the train took back the living, the dead, and the wounded to Copetown.

"It seems the shock to the passengers in all but the last car was very severe; in the last, or sleeping-car, it



THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN CANADA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. S. G. POPE.]

was hardly felt, owing, probably, to its peculiar construction. Here it was, however, that the late Superintendent of the locomotive department of the railway, Mr. Braid, happened to be. He was not in the berth, but sitting in the corner near the stove, chatting with another gentleman. Bolts and timbers from the passenger-car in front entered the sleeping-car, only wounding the other, but killing Mr. Braid instantly.

"Mr. Cornell informs us that the number killed must exceed the published statements. He mentions an effort made to suppress the publication of the particulars. He thinks the grossest negligence only could have rendered such an accident possible. It is said that a freight train passed safely over the spot only an hour before, and that train, in his opinion, weakened the embankment sufficiently for the destruction of the one that followed it. He describes the soil in this spot as a kind of quick-sand which almost dissolves by the action of water."

Another passenger says:

"The embankment was very soft, and every body sank in the mud and sand. One lady, named Jones, had with her four children, the youngest being a babe of only two weeks old. This lady's husband was either killed or badly hurt. There were two ladies in the sleeping-car, both of whom are safe. One is Mrs. Samuel Hittle of Detroit. A child, which she had with her, is also safe.

"A terrible storm of wind, accompanied with rain and snow, was prevailing, and rendered the condition of the passengers more uncomfortable than it would otherwise have been. All the ladies and children that could be found were got up the embankment and placed in the sleeping-car for a time, but as the bank exhibited signs of giving way beneath it, they were afterward removed to the track, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, with mattresses and cushions taken from the ruins. Several of the ladies were destitute of shoes, stockings, and bonnets. Among these were Mrs. Geare. This lady also lost her purse and money, being thus left destitute."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

THE POST-OFFICE FAILURE.

IT is at length announced authoritatively that there will be no extra session, and that the Post-office must manage the best way it can without an appropriation. It is also announced, apparently on good authority, that no certificates of indebtedness will be issued to contractors, and that the department will be made as nearly as possible self-supporting. This is as much as to say that over one half of the present postal accommodation afforded by the Government to the people will be withdrawn. The bulk of the unproductive mail routes will be abandoned; letters will cease to be delivered at new post-offices; and, in the more thickly settled parts of the country, the postal service will be continued on a restricted scale.

This is all good news. The only news that would have been better still would have been the announcement of the total abolition of the Government Post-office. Still, let us be thankful for what we have got. If no post-office at all be the best thing possible, half a post-office must be much better than a whole one.

We hope and trust that Postmaster Holt will proceed forthwith to cut down the postal arrangements; that he will altogether deprive Mississippi, Arkansas, and Minnesota of the benefits of the service; that wherever two mails a day are dispatched to or from the great commercial centres, he will reduce the arrivals or departures to one; that he will do all in his power, in a word, to hamper, and obstruct, and reduce the accommodation at present afforded to the people by the Government Post-office.

For, though the people of the United States are the most patient and long-suffering race under the sun—though, as a rule, they cheerfully submit to be annoyed, and cheated, and overtaxed, and bullied, and trampled by their Governments without so much as a word of remonstrance—yet, even with them, there is a point at which their power of patient endurance ceases, and a measure of misgovernment to which even they can not submit. There is a hope that Postmaster Holt, in pursuance of the system which is understood to have been adopted at Washington with regard to the Post-office Department, may reach that point and fill that measure.

We repeat what we have said before: the National Post-office of the United States is an anomaly which must, so long as it is suffered to last, be a curse to the people and a grievous burden to the Government. Every attempt to make so absurd and impossible an institution fit into the requirements of the day must be a failure. Postmaster Brown, in the agony of attempting to solve the problem, stultified a long and respectable career by proposing to raise the rate of postage to five cents. Postmaster Holt commences his administration by proposing to cut off unproductive routes.

We hope he will work out his theory vigorously. When the people of New York and Massachusetts are deprived of one-half their usual postal facilities—when the people of California, of Arkansas, of Mississippi, and of Minnesota discover that they enjoy no postal system at all, they may, perhaps, begin seriously to ventilate the query whether the National Post-office might not safely and beneficially be abolished altogether. The moment they begin earnestly to agitate on the subject the result is certain. Never was more indefensible an edifice than the United States Post-office.

Here is a ch[illegible] [illegible]ound plank in new party platforms. If Mr. Holt does what is menaced, a few months hence the whole country will be aroused against the National Post-office. Any party which comes forward with a practical scheme for the remedy of the postal evils will obtain the support of the mercantile body throughout the country. Where is the politician who shall seize the opportunity and make his capital out of it?

THE PACIFICATION OF INDIA.

THE latest mails from India bring a brief order of the day from the British camp announcing that the rebellion in Oude is quelled. The British army still continues the chase of Nena Sahib and other rebel leaders, who are eluding their pursuers in the jungles and fastnesses of their native land; but this pastime, it is obvious, must soon come to an end. The rebels have not the means to carry on the war; famine, treachery, and persevering pursuit are sure to cause their capture before long. In a few months the work of insurrection, which was commenced under such terrible auspices in May, 1857, will be definitely ended.

Some changes have taken place since that rebellion broke out. The government of India has been transferred from the East India Company to the British Crown. The English residents of India have been warned of the precarious tenure of their lives and property. The Hindoo and Mussulman residents of Hindostan have been taught the power of England.

The two last effects of the rebellion will prove wholesome. European residents of Hindostan had grown so contemptuous of the "inferior race," and so proud of their own blood, that they were not fit to form a safe society; it is well that they should be reminded that even Pandy has a heart and hands. Nor is it less useful that Pandy should be taught, by stern and severe lessons, that white women and children can not be slaughtered with impunity; that thousands of miles by sea and land, and infinite obstacles of every kind, are as nothing to protect the murderers of Christian men, and women, and children. The Hindoo and the Mussulman—like the Turks of Djeddah—will be all the better men for the punishment they have endured.

But as to the third effect of the rebellion—the transfer of the government of India from the Company to the British Crown—it is very doubtful whether this be any real gain. We have heretofore in this journal shown that for many, many years the Company has been a myth, so far as the government of India was concerned. Shareholders drew their dividends; East India Directors held their meetings, drew up formal minutes of proceedings, and used tremendous forms; but the real government of India, since the Company's charter was last renewed, has always resided in the British Ministry for the time being, which, for the purpose, resolved itself into a "board of control." Practically, therefore, the formal transfer of the colony to the Queen effects no change. It was hers before, to all real intents and purposes.

As to the probable working of the new system nothing can yet be predicted, except that it can not succeed. It is impossible that a nation, or a congeries of nations, comprising one-ninth the population of the earth, can be ruled by an assemblage of *dilettanti* politicians, superannuated soldiers and lawyers, and decayed peers—at a distance of many thousand miles from the country governed. Granting to the rulers all the noblest virtues of humanity, they can not possibly administer government at such a distance from the scene of action. They must be constantly at loggerheads with their resident agent, the Governor; and he, with the dread of their disapproval before his eyes, must constantly be impeded and hampered in his official action.

It would, perhaps, have been unjustifiable to expect any thing truly liberal or generous from the narrow-minded Tories who are now in power in Great Britain. But they ought to have known better than to have attempted a system which the experience of the past century has thoroughly exploded.

THE FUTURE OF ART IN THE UNITED STATES.

A RECENT auction sale of American paintings has resulted most advantageously for the artists. The times were bad; very few persons have money to invest in pictures; but the prices commanded by first-rate works of art were much higher than was expected. The event is of good augury for the future of American art.

Several writers have expatiated on the "American School of Art." We do not pretend to understand their meaning. The American school—so far as it is represented by Gignoux, Church, Cropsey, Durant, Stillman, etc., etc.—is a faithful representation of nature, and nothing more. If other schools differ from it, they are palpably based on an erroneous idea, and must presently fail.

The only point in connection with American art which to us appears worthy of especial notice is the prospect that American artists will presently command a market that is unequaled in the world. Even at the present time our leading artists receive higher prices for their works than painters in any other country in the world. And when it is remembered that the market for American works of art has only grown up within a few years, it is safe to infer that, ten or fifteen years hence, the reward of artistic merit will be still more liberal. This is easily explained. This is a country in which a few men grow quickly rich, and expend their money with a freedom corresponding to the rapidity with which it has been acquired. In Europe wealth is slowly accumulated. Most of the large fortunes are hereditary. Many are transmitted from generation to generation subject to heavy mortgages which leave the possessor little means for casual expenditure. The oldest families have picture-galleries complete. And in almost all the countries of Europe the Government undertakes the especial patronage of art, which naturally tends to discourage private expenditure for the purchase of works of art.

In the United States there are no picture-galleries. Private expenditure is more liberal than in any European country; money easily earned is quickly expended. There is no Government patronage for art. Every man who can afford to buy a good painting feels that it is his duty to do so; for the obligation of supporting art devolves exclusively on him and on his fellows.

We infer, therefore, judging from the profuse expenditure of Americans on their households, and from the peculiar advantages which art enjoys in this country, that the reward reaped by successful artists in the United States will be larger than that which falls to the lot of their European brethren. We expect that, ten years hence, instead of sending our Cropseys, and Powers, and Browns, and Crawfords abroad, we shall be offering a home to the Vernets, and the Landseers, and the Diaz, and the Mulreadys of the day.

Nor will our rich men expend their means unprofitably. Such paintings as Gignoux's Niagara would adorn any European palace. It is an honor to this country to produce such works. As Agassiz said, when some European museum begged him to transmit valuable fossil remains discovered in this country, such things should not on any account be parted with. They are the true, abiding treasures of the United States—more lasting than Californian gold, more precious than bonds, and stocks, and real estate.

It was once the fashion to believe that neither art nor letters could prosper without princely or aristocratic patronage. Letters long since emancipated themselves from the thraldom; the consequence is that one hundred volumes are sold to-day where one used to be disposed of. It will be so with art. We who read these lines will probably live to see the day when great painters like Gignoux will obtain from the *nouveaux riches* of the United States unheard-of prices for their works, and foreign artists—like foreign singers—will make this their great market.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SICKLES CASE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

IN your *Weekly* of the 12th of March there is an article entitled "The Homicide at Washington," in which the reasoning, though very ingenious, is yet fallacious. Knowing your impartiality, I think you will not refuse to hear and publish the other side of the question. I am no apologist for Key, neither do I intend to deny the correctness of the inference you draw, viz., that Sickles was excusable for killing Key; for the true doctrine (aside from the religious aspect of the case) is, that the seducer of a wife, daughter, or sister, forfeits, *ipso facto*, his life; not to the law, but to the outraged husband, father, or brother, as the case may be.

The injury done to society by this crime is so great, that it would seem to be nothing but self-defense to allow the fact of the seduction to be alleged as a legal plea, by the defendant, on the trial for the homicide, in ban and not merely in mitigation. But to your article. You say, "Under the Jews, and subsequently under the civilized nations of the ancient world, the adulterer might be lawfully put to death if caught in the act. In those days evidence was doubtful, and trials even more uncertain than in our own times. The law assumed that where a guilty intrigue existed and came to the knowledge of the injured husband, he would take pains to detect the parties *in flagrante delicto.*" Now the law assumed no such thing; but it did make allowance for the passions incident to human nature. Strictly speaking, every homicide is murder until the defendant either justifies, excuses, or mitigates the act. After the killing is proved, the law presumes malice until the contrary is shown, and it rests with the defendant to show the contrary. The general rule is, "Thou shalt not kill;" and the *onus* is upon the defendant to show the exception.

It was because the detection *in flagrante delicto* was calculated so to rouse the passions of the husband as to dethrone his reason, and therefore to render him an unaccountable being, that such a sight was allowed to be given in excuse for the homicide. It was not a justification, it was an excuse, a mere indulgence to an infirmity of human nature. The punishment for adultery was, by the Jewish law, death; but that did not give the injured party the right to kill the adulterer. He must be tried according to law, and, if convicted, stoned to death. By the Roman civil law the homicide was excused only when the adulterer was killed *in flagrante delicto* in the husband's house. So far from the law presuming that the injured party would take pains to detect the adulterer *in flagrante delicto* for the purpose of killing him, it would presume that the husband was a murderer if he killed the adulterer under such circumstances. Your article makes the matter a *question of evidence*, and assumes that the husband was, by law, both judge and executioner; that detection *in flagrante delicto* was the requisite legal evidence upon which to pass sentence, *marito judice*, and a warrant for execution. This view can not be supported by any authority. The law would not punish the husband after he had done the deed, as it had compassion on the infirmity of his nature, but it did not *direct* the deed to be done. It did not say that *in flagrante delicto* was *sufficient evidence*, but it did say it was *sufficient provocation*. It is worthy of remark, as going to show what the true reason of the law was, that the seducer must not only be caught, but also must be killed in the act. The husband had no right to detect him, and then wait until a more convenient season to kill him. He must slay him *then and there*. This would be absurd if there was, by law, a right in the husband to kill the seducer upon proof of the seduction, and if the law looked only upon the detection *in flagrante delicto* as a mere precautionary rule of evidence. You say further, "In those days concealment was more difficult than it is now. Cities were small, communities were limited, gossip was universal. The wife of a leading citizen of Jerusalem, Athens, or Rome, was known to the entire population of the city in which she lived. If she went wrong, the whole city was aware of it. Her offense could not be hidden. There was no room so dark, no house so secluded, but that her incomings and outgoings were certain to be watched . . . . and hence, as a natural consequence, the restriction of the right of vengeance to the husband who took the simple trouble to make sure of the facts." In point of fact, there is great doubt whether concealment was more difficult then than now; whether each member of a circle is not as well known now to all the other members of that circle as was ever possible. "Busy scandal, with her thousand tongues," certainly has not abated one jot of her assiduity or malignity in our time. But let that pass, together with your inconsistency in saying, in one place, that "evidence was doubtful" in those times, and then saying it was abundant and certain, and arguing that that abundance and certainty was the reason why the highest grade was required, and "the right of vengeance, as a natural consequence, restricted to the husband who took the *simple* trouble to make sure of the facts." Your premises warrant only the conclusion that the right of vengeance should be restricted to the husband, being a leading citizen of Jerusalem, Athens, or Rome, who "took the simple trouble" to make sure in this manner of the facts. There would not be the same reason to restrict the obscure citizen, as there was not the same publicity attending his family. But the most obscure Jew had just as much right to kill an adulterer as had the most powerful member of the synagogue. He and his wife might be unknown to the whole community—might be perfect strangers, just arrived—yet he had precisely the same right as the greatest "leading citizen." The husband, the wife, and the adulterer might be the only persons cognizant of the crime, and it might have been committed within an hour after their arrival; and yet this obscure, unknown man might have killed the adulterer with impunity. So we see that the publicity attending the act, and the facility of obtaining this most damning proof of it, give no insight into the reason of the law. But say that that reason is because of the tendency of such a sight to inflame the passions and dethrone the reason of the husband, and we have a law the reason of which is applicable to all cases coming under its enactments.

The theory that the law admitted the right of the injured husband to kill the adulterer upon proof of the fact, but at the same time admitted only detection *in flagrante delicto* as sufficient proof, destroys the defense of the man who kills the adulterer not *in flagrante delicto*. For the killing having been done upon evidence not allowed by law, is without the pale of the law, and therefore murder. It is not true, in point of fact, that "the prudent rule of the old law has been relaxed," no matter whether this be regarded as a question of evidence or of provocation; for by the English common law, which is also the basis of the criminal law of every State in the Union, the homicide of the adulterer taken *in flagrante delicto* was, and is to this day, manslaughter instead of excusable homicide. The foundation being destroyed, the defense resting upon it must fall. It is not necessary to make this a question of evidence in order to excuse a man who kills the seducer, not in the act, but afterward. The law is reasonable, and proportions the length of "cooling-time" to the injury inflicted. What length of time is necessary to enable a man thus outraged to regain his reason? The time must be long, indeed, before the sight of the seducer will not dissipate what few rays of reason may have entered his mind, and rouse his passions to such a pitch of excitement that he will not be an accountable being. Detection in the act is but certain knowledge, though of the most revolting kind. This, says the law, is provocation. Are there not other means of certain knowledge? Is not knowledge of the fact gained by these means calculated to inflame the passions to an uncontrollable degree (though, perhaps, not to the degree that an actual detection *in flagrante delicto* would), and therefore render the man an unaccountable being? Ought it not to be, or rather *is it not*, therefore, a legal provocation? It is not safe to base the defense of such a deed upon such foundations as your article points out. It is better and safer to put it on the true ground, viz.: that it is such a provocation as poor frail human nature can not resist.

Very respectfully,
"Old Sarum."

THE LOUNGER.

AN APOLOGUE.

Dr. Noah Webster (the English nobility are requested to take notice that it was neither Daniel nor Benjamin), in his celebrated dictionary, defines *apologue* as "a story or relation of fictitious events, intended to convey useful truths."

As thus:

Once upon a time there was a country in which the people resolved that every body should enjoy his own opinion about arithmetic. Twice two should make a million if any body wanted it to; and however much he might be laughed at by those who knew that it only makes four, yet he should not be harmed for his opinion.

Then all those people agreed that they would each pay a good round sum to support schools in which their children should be taught botany—not swimming, nor playing on the trombone, but botany.

But one day, in one of the schools, a teacher of botany insisted that the class should recite a lesson in arithmetic according to Daboll. And the scholar said that his parents sent him to learn botany, and not arithmetic. Thereupon the teacher said: "Thou naughty boy, because thou wilt not learn from Daboll thou shalt be spanked!" and spanked he was.

Then the parents and friends of that scholar said to the other people who smiled upon the spanking: "We believe in the science of numbers as well as you, but we believe differently from you; and we do not acknowledge Daboll as a safe guide, having one of our own. We pay money, in common with you, to have our children taught botany; and we ourselves, elsewhere and otherwise, provide for their arithmetical education. While you profess to allow us to enjoy our own views and our own methods of instruction, what excuse have you for spanking our children because they do not yield to yours?"

The only reply that those foolish people could make was that every body ought to be taught arithmetic—which nobody denied.

And Clio, the great spectator of human affairs, laughed at them dreadfully, and recorded the story for the benefit of school committees.

RUN OUT.

There is a slang expression about running things into the ground. It may have chanced to the reader to hear it. It may even have chanced to him to use it, under certain circumstances. An invitation given to a politician to a public dinner, a presentation of plate to the captain of a ship which has made a voyage without being wrecked, the certificates of celebrated people to the virtues of corn-plasters—these are all devices which may be said to have been run into the ground. They will not travel any farther, nor carry any body or any opinion with them.

There is one more advertising effort of the same kind which seems to have breathed its last during the last week, and to be now fully into the ground. That is the habit of publishing an invitation to somebody to deliver some kind of public discourse, signed by well-known people.

It is a dreary business to tell the tale, but it seems that a gentleman was lately invited to repeat, in this city, a lecture which he had delivered elsewhere. Among the published names of the gentlemen who invite the repetition, and who thereby not only introduce the fact that there is such a lecture and such a lecturer, but impliedly vouch for its being worth hearing and worth paying the fifty or twenty-five cents to hear, the reader of the daily papers finds Mayor Tiemann, Messrs. Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, W. G. Hunt, Gorham D. Abbott, Rev. Dr. Prime, Dr. Kennedy, and others; and the notice concludes by saying that "the Committee," who, so far as the reader knows, are the gentlemen whose names appear, "would add that this lecture has been pronounced one of the most unique, original, and eloquent discourses of the day."

The result is that the gentleman reads his lecture in the Academy of Music to an audience of about a hundred and eighty-seven persons.

Of course the smallness of the audience is nobody's fault. But, from the reports of the lecture, is it not clear that the gentlemen who invited its repetition, and in whose names it was extolled, really knew or cared very little about it?

Doubtless it was only a piece of good-nature on their parts. But why should they give away their names for good-nature? Do reputable people not owe it to each other to have their names mean something? When the reader again sees Mayor Tiemann's or Mr. Cooper's name attached to an invitation, he will probably put his finger upon his nose and exclaim, "Yes, I think I have seen that name before. It means nothing at all. That business is about run into the ground. In fact, no thank you, I've been there!"

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

Van der Broeck has addressed a letter to the Lounger in reply to the communication of Hans Van Tromp in No. 116 of *Harper's Weekly*. The Lounger hastened to transmit the letter to Mr. Van Tromp, and has received his reply.

Mr. Van der Broeck writes substantially as follows:

"* * * * * * * Instead of taking the Columbia College Commencement as a criterion, let him visit the Academy of Music, or any other respectable place of amusement, and he will see that its audience, although composed of the same people he met at the College Exhibition, will vie favorably with any audience in Boston or any other city.

"If Hans will take the trouble to inquire, he will find that a College Commencement is an institution by itself; that it is a fashionable resort where the young folks go to meet their friends and pass a pleasant morning, as they do at a *conversazione* on the Avenue. All Commencements are the same, whether at Columbia, Rutgers, Yale, or any other College, and a person who attends them, with the expectation of being able to hear what is said by the speakers will be very much disappointed, unless he be fortunate enough to find a place on the stage among the Alumni.

"In conclusion, let me remark that your friend uses very strong language toward the audience (on the occasion of his visit to Niblo's), more than half of whom were ladies of the highest respectability; and he should remember that his ticket was given to him by the students, who also invited their other friends, and that it is considered in polite society somewhat of a breach of etiquette for an invited guest to abuse the persons in whose company he may find himself.

"Tell Hans that I am a Knickerbocker as well as he, and proud of it too.

"I remain, dear Lounger, self-appointed champion for hi-hi-ing New Yorkers in general,

"Yours truly, Van der Broeck."

To this the Lounger receives the following:

"Mr. Hans Van Tromp presents his compliments to Mr. Van der Broeck, and begs to say that the conduct of the audience at the Academy is certainly very different from that at the Columbia Commencement. But he has only to remark that, if it is composed of the same persons, namely, 'more than half * * * ladies of the highest respectability,' nobody would have suspected the fact from their conduct.

"Secondly, Mr. Van Tromp has attended many Commencements at many Colleges all over the land, and has found them always crowded and gay—but *never* so tumultuous that the President had to insist not only upon silence, but to request the students to separate themselves from those who made the 'ruffian noise.'

"Thirdly, Mr. Van Tromp is aware that he used 'strong language' when he said 'the Knickerbockers behaved like circus-riders, rowdies, and children.' But the President used stronger language when, as above quoted, he called it a 'ruffian noise.'

"Fourthly, if Mr. Van Tromp received his card from the students, so did the rest of the audience; and if he committed 'a breach of etiquette' toward his hosts by speaking plainly of the outrageous conduct of other guests, were those guests guilty of no breach of etiquette toward their hosts, who invited them to hear speaking, in making such a row that the speaking was inaudible to every body? When two guests are bidden to a musical party, which is the offender against etiquette, the one who chatters and laughs during the music, or the one who cries hist! and tries to listen?

"Mr. Hans Van Tromp wishes Mr. Van der Broeck good-morning!"

The Lounger has thus allowed both sides to be heard, and must insist upon closing his columns upon the correspondence at this point. If his opinion be asked, he will say that he can not but think Mr. Van Tromp's strictures just, while he considers Mr. Van der Broeck's defense generous and natural.

TO LYCEUM COMMITTEES.

Mr. Mumm, a lecturer of eminence, has favored the Lounger with the following fact:

Toward the close of a course of lectures in a prosperous country town, it was announced that at the last lecture the audience would gratify the committee if each person would leave a list of the lecturers he or she most desired to hear during the next season. There was a general response to the request, so that the gentlemen who have the annual course in charge know what speakers are preferred.

This is a sensible, democratic method. It prevents any dictation by a committee. It avoids the invitation of any lecturer disreputable for his extreme conservatism, or for any other cause; and assures every speaker that he is invited because the people want to hear him. It also serves to show the general sympathy of various parts of the country with the sentiments represented by various men.

The Lounger cordially thanks his friend Mumm, whom he would especially recommend to the consideration of lecture committees, together with the excellent plan which he has mentioned.

"MAUD MULLER."

C. W. E., writing from Boston, asks the Lounger's opinion "as to the *locale* of Whittier's fine poem of Maud Muller. A critic in *Putnam's Monthly*, vol. viii., page 29, says in speaking of it (as no doubt the Lounger will remember), that 'the New England character is given to it by the fewest, but most characteristic touches, and it no more occurs to the mind that the scene is out of New England than that Claude's landscapes are in it.'"

C. W. E. thinks, on the contrary, that Muller is not a New England name; that there are few Mauds among New England girls; that those girls do not rake hay in bare feet, except rarely, and then rather in sport; that "as this critic very justly observes, 'a New England girl would hardly expect to be toasted at the wine;'" and that

"Him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,"

"is a sufficiently defined picture of a German peasant."

Upon again reading the beautiful poem carefully, the Lounger is inclined to differ with C. W. E., and to agree with the *Putnam* critic. Neither Maud nor Muller are very common New England names. But Maud is decidedly not German, and the beauty of the name must justify the poet's use of it in Yankeeland. The Yankee girls, however, as C. W. E. confesses, *do* sometimes rake hay, and, as the Lounger knows, sometimes with bare feet—which is enough for the poet's purpose. The "toasting of the wine" is *not* New Englandish, certainly; but the chimney-lug, and pipe, and mug are enough so. They are quite well known there, C. W. E. may be sure.

But now let us turn to the poem. The conception of the maiden with "vague unrest" and "a nameless longing" suits the New England farm-girl more than any other in the world; for she reads more and thinks more of possible social change than any other girl of her condition in the world. A German peasant girl does not dream of marrying out of her sphere. Caste is a final fact in her world.

"But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down."

Now there is not a white town in Germany, and white is the characteristic color of a New England town or village.

"The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

"And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road."

Is this not all pure New England—the Judge on his horse—the apple-trees, chief trees along the New England road?

"But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune."

Does C. W. E. know the colossal ceremony that hedges a German court of law, like every thing else official in Germany?

It is by such "few touches" that the scene of the poem is conveyed, while the spirit commends itself—does it not?—to every body familiar with the minor tone of New England life. Such a judge and such a girl would be as little characteristic of German life as the white town and the apple-trees of the German landscape.

Nicht wahr, C. W. E.?

Let C. W. E. refer to Darley's illustration of this poem in the Harper's edition of the Poets of the Nineteenth Century, and see if the Judge be a German in the imagination of the artist.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Some friend in New Orleans, who will accept the Lounger's hearty thanks, has sent the card of invitation and programme of the annual festival of the *Mistick Krewe of Comus*, which occurs on the evening of Mardi-gras. The typography and designing in blue and gold are very handsome—and the promise of the festival alluring. The *Mistick Krewe* gave a series of tableaux in the Varieties Theatre, representing the revels of the old English holidays—*May Day*, with Maid Marian as the central figure, and Hobby Horse, Jack in the Green, Friar Tuck, etc., etc., in attendance. *Mid-summer Eve*, with Titania, and fairies, Puck, St. George, etc. *Christmas*, with old Father Christmas, and plum-pudding, boar's head, wassail, etc.; and *Twelfth Night Court*, with the Lord of Misrule, and the Abbot of Unreason, Fox and Goose, Bilboquet, etc. A description of the festivity in the *Crescent* certifies to its complete success.

—Caromel's skating song shows that he had a pleasant day.

—F., Skeneateles, will find that Garrick was baptized on the 28th February, 1716, and died on the 20th January, 1779. He left the stage in 1776. There is a charming letter of gossip about Pine's portrait of Garrick, written by the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck to A. M. Cozzens, Esq., the owner of the picture, as of so many other valuable and interesting paintings. It was a private letter, however, and only privately printed. The facts of Garrick's life, however, are in all the Biographical Dictionaries.

—A Constant Reader, New Orleans, is as fortunate in deciphering the *MS.* he sends as the Lounger, who can make nothing of it.

—J. H. G., Louisville, Kentucky, will find Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque Ports" in the first number of *Putnam's Monthly*, January, 1853. It is also republished in the last volume of his works—"Miles Standish, and other Poems."

—J. H. B., New York, asks whether a married lady should be addressed by her own christened name, when more than one is used—whether we should say Mrs. Julia Jones, or Mrs. John Jones? Both are justified by good usage. But it would probably be more exact to say Mrs. John Jones; that is to say, the wife of Mr. John Jones; the female John Jones, so to say.

—J. S., Alleghany County, Maryland, asks rather too comprehensive a question. The Prince Napoleon, who has just married the Sardinian Princess, is not as old as the Lounger thought him. He is only thirty-seven; his name is Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul, and he is the second son of the old Jerome (brother of the great Emperor), by his second wife, the Princess Frederica Catharine, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is the son of the old Jerome by Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, his first wife, whom he married in 1803. Mr. Bonaparte was born at Camberwell, near London, on the 7th July, 1805. The great Emperor was angry with his brother for this marriage, and forbade Madame Patterson-Bonaparte to enter France. He compelled his brother to marry the Wurtemberg Princess on the 12th August, 1805, and on the 18th erected Westphalia into a kingdom, making Jerome King. But neither Pope Pius VII. nor any succeeding Pope has denied the validity of the original marriage with Miss Patterson; so that, in the eye of ecclesiastical law, the present Prince Napoleon is a bastard. But laws, whether divine or human, are recognized by imperial courts only to serve their own purposes. The great Napoleon said to old Pope Pius, "My brother is *not* married to the Baltimore girl." The old Pope said, and his successor says, "He *is!*" 'Twas a pretty quarrel, but the Emperor had several hundred thousand soldiers to emphasize his *not*. A few years since the Lounger had the pleasure of seeing Madame Patterson-Bonaparte. She was sixty-seven years of age, and had the remains of great beauty. Even then she was celebrated, and justly, for the symmetry of her arm, of which she was very proud.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Saturday, March* 26, 1859.

The great event of the week in commercial and financial circles has been the revival of speculation and advance in price of cotton, caused by the advices from the other side. The business of the past two days has been larger than was ever known before during the same period of time; cotton closes from ¼ @ ⅜ c. higher than it was last week.

In money there is no change. Call loans are effected easily at 4 per cent.; good short acceptances are done at 5, and first-class endorsed four to six months paper at 5½ @ 6½ @ 7, according to quality. The exchange market is overstocked with cotton ribs, and exchange has fallen ¼ @ ½ per cent., thus checking for the present the specie export.

Stocks are generally better, with the exception of the Western Railway Stocks, which are vigorously hammered by the Bears at the board, and have receded in consequence.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, March* 26, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been even less active for Flour, Wheat, and Corn during the past week. Prices are essentially unaltered. Barley has been more freely offered and purchased at, however, easier prices. Rye has been in fair demand at full rates. Oats have been very quiet....Cotton has been in lively request throughout the week. On Thursday, especially, it was very briskly sought after. The sales on that day reached 17,500 bales, including 13,500 *in transitu*. These sales largely exceeded any previous single day's transactions in this market. Prices closed a shade firmer....The movements in Provisions, Groceries, Naval Stores, and Tobacco have been fair. The principal kinds of Fish, Hides and Leather have been in good demand....Hay, Hops, and Seeds have been moderately inquired for, while Hemp has been inactive....With reduced supplies of really desirable Dry Goods available, holders, especially of Cotton, are generally quite firm. The demand, however, is restricted. An increased inquiry is looked for from the Western and Northwestern, as well as from the near-by trade, which the resumption of inland navigation will serve to develop. The auction sales continue to attract much of the attention of buyers, and all the lots offered, which suit purchasers, are quickly taken at, in the main, satisfactory prices. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $3,580,226 against $1,235,295 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $31,060,505 against $12,582,500 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$5 25
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 45	@	6 75
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 55	@	6 10
Extra Western, per barrel	6 45	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 80	@	8 25
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 50	@	7 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	6 25	@	9 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 70	@	4 30
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 80	@	4 40
White Wheat, per bushel	1 45	@	1 80
Red Wheat, per bushel	98	@	1 55
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	89	@	90
New Corn, per bushel	87	@	90
Rye, per bushel	90	@	95
Barley, per bushel	60	@	84
Western Oats, per bushel	60	@	62
State Oats, per bushel	56	@	58
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	51	@	55
Southern Oats, per bushel	48	@	54
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¾	@	12⅞
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@	18 12½
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 87	@	13 00
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 50	@	9 62½
Cut Meats, per pound	6¾	@	9½
Lard, per pound	11½	@	12
State Butter, per pound	12	@	25
Western Butter, per pound	10	@	16
Cheese, per pound	7	@	11
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 50	@	4 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	23	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	28	@	28½
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	2½	@	6
Hay, per 100 pounds	65	@	80
Tallow, per pound	—	@	10½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 90	@	3 95
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	53	@	54
Tar, per barrel	2 37	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 60	@	1 62½
Linseed Oil, per gallon	65	@	67
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	5½	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	42½	@	65
" Pulled Wool	34	@	55
Am. Yellow Beeswax, per pound	39	@	40
Refined Ingot Copper, per pound	23½	@	24
Live Geese Feathers, per pound	43	@	51
Dry Codfish, per hundred weight	3 62½	@	4 25
Large No. 1 Mackerel, per barrel	16 00	@	16 25
Pickled Herring, per barrel	3 00	@	4 25
Smoked Herring, per box	16	@	28
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	150 00	@	162 50
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	195 00	@	225 00
Clover Seed, per pound	10	@	11
Timothy Seed, per bushel	2 25	@	2 75

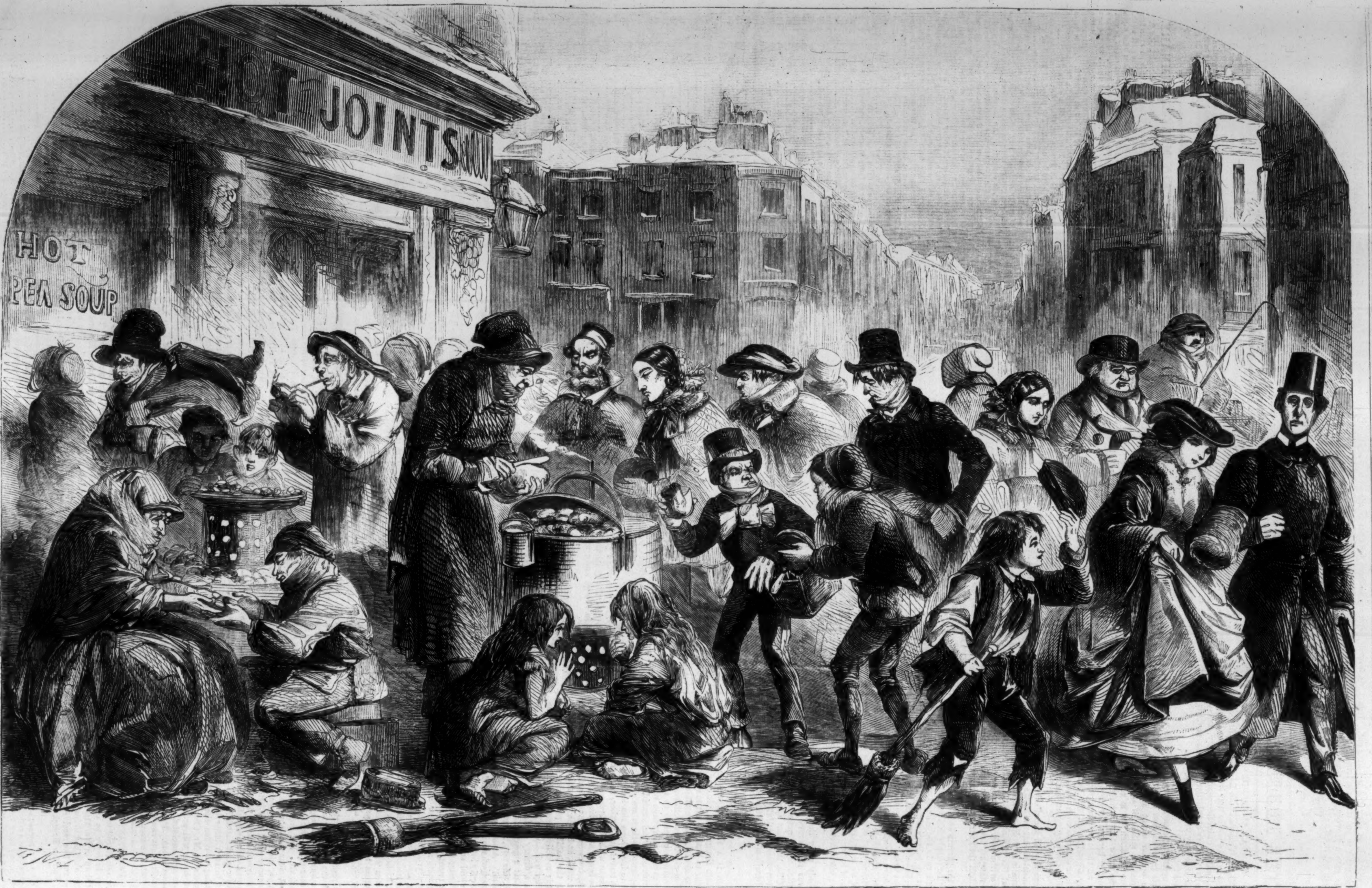
The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7	@	$ 12½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	4 00	@	10 00
" " per pound	6	@	10
Live Swine, per pound	5½	@	6½
Dressed " "	7½	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

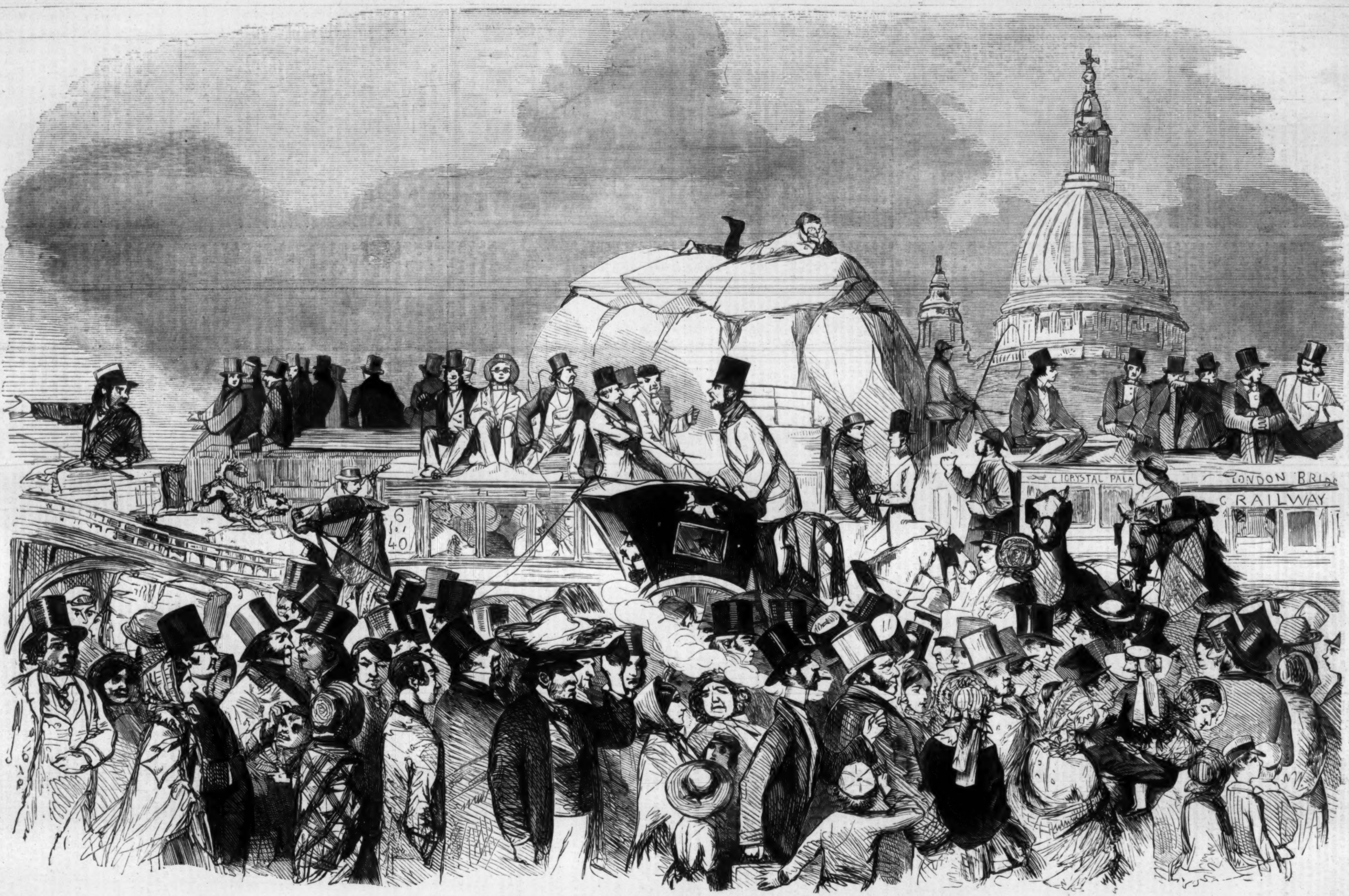
The Country Produce Markets have been only moderately active. Dairy Produce is cheaper, as also are Eggs.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$ 5 00
Dried Apples, per pound	8	@	9½
Dried Peaches, peeled, per pound	13	@	17
Dried Plums, per pound	22	@	25
Potatoes, per barrel	1 00	@	2 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00	@	4 25
Onions, per barrel	3 50	@	5 00
Turnips, per barrel	62½	@	75
Beets, per barrel	75	@	87½
Carrots, per barrel	75	@	87½
Cabbage, per 100	2 50	@	6 00
Cranberries, per barrel	5 00	@	17 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	1 75
Green Peas, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	15	@	16
Chickens, per pound	10	@	13
Fowls, per pound	10	@	12
Fowls, per pair	75	@	1 00
Geese, per pound	6	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	15
Ducks, per pound	15	@	18
" black, per pair	50	@	62½
" widgeon, per pair	50	@	62½
" canvas back, per pair	1 25	@	2 00
" gray, per pair	50	@	62½
" redheads, per pair	62	@	87
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75	@	2 50
Partridge, per pair	50	@	62½
English Snipe, per pair	62	@	75


HOT JOINTS SOUP
HOT PEA SOUP

STREET SCENE IN LONDON—WINTER EVENING.


6
10
40
CRYSTAL PALA
LONDON BRI
C RAILWAY

STREET SCENE IN LONDON—THE JAM AT LONDON BRIDGE.

LONDON STREET SCENES.

We have thought that our readers would be glad to see the foregoing spirited pictures of London street life. Broadway—at Stewart's, at Canal Street, and at the Astor House—is often unpleasantly crowded; the cry for a wider street is often heard; but what is the densest crowd in Broadway compared to the jam on London Bridge depicted on the preceding page? The night scene is also characteristic; and all who have been in London will at once recognize its fidelity. Strange to say, though rents are so much higher here than in London, street life is comparatively rare here. In London, as Mr. Mayhew tells us, the streets are the scene of almost as much trade as the houses.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY

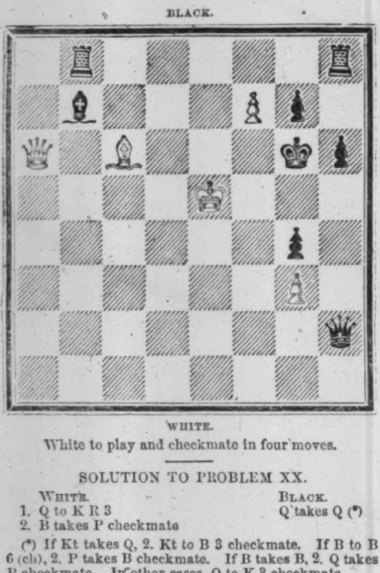
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. P. (Lockport). Position sound and good, but scarcely of sufficient depth to warrant a Diagram. (This also to G. B., C. R., and L. E.)——"Cygnet's" four move Problem is printed below. In answer to his query whether or no the King's Gambit is as strong an opening as K Kt to B 3 on second move, we would say—Who knows?——Dr. R. (Philadelphia). In your friend P.'s Problem last sent will not 1. P to Q 3 or Q to K 8 likewise produce mate on the third move?——O. S. W. (Morristown). You can but win the match. We don't see how you can score games which have not been played.——G. R. In the matter of the Morphy testimonial you are yet in good time. Forward your subscription to Mr. James Thompson, Treasurer of the New York Club. The articles of presentation consist of a set of Chess-men in solid gold and silver, a board inlaid with ivory and ebony squares, and a gold watch—value in the aggregate $2500.——"Martyr's Chess Club" (Baltimore). A Problem is faulty where admitting of solution in a lesser number of moves than stipulated for in its stated terms.——Re XIX. More anon.

PROBLEM XXI.

BY "CYGNET," OF DETROIT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XX.

	White.	Black.
1.	Q to K R 3	Q takes Q (*)
2.	B takes P checkmate	

(*) If Kt takes Q, 2. Kt to B 3 checkmate. If B to B 6 (ch), 2. P takes B checkmate. If B takes B, 2. Q takes P checkmate. In other cases, Q to K 3 checkmate.

Chess in India.—The following game, played in India between a native celebrity yclept *Moheschunder* and Judge Cochrane, the brilliant representative in the East of Anglo-Saxon Chess, forms an interesting exemplification of the opening known as *Philidor's defense.* Mr. Cochrane's name has been as a *household word* among those cognizant of Chess politics for some thirty years past. It is yet a fact that, when at his zenith, and at the time when the writer would on occasion measure steel against him, Howard Staunton could give him, and successfully too, the odds of Pawn and two moves. The time of which we speak dates about twenty years back; a time designated—whether correctly or not who shall say?—by certain distinguished Chess veterans as the "palmy days of Chess." With but one glorious exception, we are inclined to say Ay! to the proposition that the Chess players of those days were a taller race than those of the present time:

	White (*Mr. C.*)	Black (*Mohes.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to K 4
2.	K Kt to B 3	P to Q 3 (*a*)
3.	P to Q 4	P takes P
4.	Q takes P	Q Kt to B 3 (*b*)
5.	K B to Q Kt 5	B to Q 2
6.	B takes Kt	B takes B
7.	Q B to K Kt 5	P to K B 3
8.	B to K B 4	Q to K 2
9.	Q Kt to B 3	Q to K 3 (*c*)
10.	Castles (K's side)	Kt to K 2
11.	K R to K	P to K R 3
12.	Kt to Q 5	Q to Q 2
13.	K Kt to R 4	K to B 2
14.	P to Q B 4	Q B takes Kt
15.	K P takes B	P to K Kt 4
16.	R to K 6	B to K Kt 2
17.	Q R to K	K R to K
18.	Q to K 4	P takes B
19.	Q to K R 7	P to Q B 3
20.	Q R to K 4	P takes P
21.	K R takes P (ch) (*d*)	K takes R
22.	K takes P (ch)	K to K 3
23.	Q takes B	Q to B 3
24.	Q to K Kt 4	Kt to K B 4
25.	Kt takes Kt, etc.	

White wins.

Notes.

(*a*) This move constitutes the defense of Philidor. Although it appears to lead to somewhat of a cramped game, it is hard to show that it is not quite tenable.

(*b*) European players more generally adopt the move 4. B to Q 2.

(*c*) He had in all probability better have played Queen here on the last move.

(*d*) Mr. C.'s Eastern friend has had, for the last few moves, but little show for the game; and the way in which Mr. C. now pushes up his work is quite characteristic of his old dashing style.

LITERARY.

We have known Mr. Alexander Watson for many years as one of the most successful gardeners and agriculturists in America. We therefore welcome a book from his hands—The American Home Garden (published by Harper & Brothers)—as the result of long experience, careful observation, and diligent study in the habits and manners and customs of our garden inhabitants. We are sure that here is no theoretic gardening, but that all is practical and practicable. Mr. Watson starts with a simple garden plan, and suggests its arrangement; then gives us the necessary tools, their uses and ways of usefulness; instructs us on manures, and on the accidents and the insects which are foes to the gardener; and then gives a history and sketch of every available article in the American kitchen and flower-garden. We venture to say that no one who owns twenty feet square of soil can fail, with the aid of this book, to make his little lot pay well in beauty and in food; while we commend it to all agricultural people as a clear, intelligible, and, as we have said, most eminently practical work. It should be especially placed in the hands of all the boys in the country who love gardening.

The Mendip Annals, published by Carter & Brothers, is a narrative of the charitable labors of Hannah and Martha More in their neighborhood. So says the title-page. These labors involved the establishment of day and Sunday schools in villages, reading-clubs for the poor, and an amount of resulting good that no man can estimate. The book is like "English Hearts and English Hands," a simple and a noble story, in which we find names that we have honored heretofore crowned with simpler but no less enduring laurels.

R. M. Dewitt publishes a capital little manual, The Chess-Player's Instructor, a guide to beginners, by Mr. Charles H. Stanley, who is well known to our readers. It is precisely the book every person needs to learn the first principles of the king of games, which Morphy has recently made so illustrious. It is simple, intelligible, cheap, and handy.

Adam Bede, by George Eliot (Harper & Brothers), is a great novel. What noble and hearty characters are there, and how they stand out on the pages, every one in his own individuality! We have known such people, and we recognize them. What they talk of we have talked of, and their emotions and passions, and loves and sorrows are all ours. It is true they are plain people mostly; but somehow the plain man, in a novel like this, seems a compressed instance of certain traits of humanity found all the world over. It is astonishing how much human nature there is in all men!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POST-OFFICE IMBROGLIO.

Postmaster Holt has published a letter from which we make the following extracts:

"Upon a careful examination and investigation, it has been ascertained that the deficiency will amount to about the sum of $4,385,281 95. It ought, however, to be observed that, after the 30th of June next, the sum of $700,000, granted to the Department by the act of March 3, 1849, and March 3, 1851, for the transportation and delivery of free mail matter for Congress and the Executive Departments, may be applied in part to the extinguishment of this deficiency. This will leave the balance to be provided for $3,685,281 95. Of this sum of $4,385,281 95, the deficiency which existed in the quarter ending on the 31st December, amounted

to	$749,841 68
That for the quarter ending 31st March to.	1,964,156 26
That for the quarter ending 30th June to..	1,671,285 01
Total	$4,385,281 95

"The $749,841 68—being the unpaid balance of the quarter's liabilities closing 31st December, and payable 28th February—can and will be paid by the Department within sixty days from this date; the payment of the principal part of it will be made within thirty days. The effect of this will be to divide the entire deficit of $4,385,281 95 between the quarters ending 31st March and 30th June, and payable 31st May and 31st August, so that the suspension of payment on no part of this indebtedness will exceed, beyond a few days, six months before the regular meeting of Congress; on nearly one half of it the suspension will be but for a few days more than three months.

"The debts due, and to become due, to the contractors are of a sacred character. The contracts out of which these debts arise have been entered into under the express authority of existing laws of Congress. To appropriate money for their payment is as obligatory and binding upon Congress as it is to provide for the principal and interest of the national debt. There never will be—and never can be—a repudiation of this debt by the representatives of the American people. After the amount due to each contractor shall have been ascertained and finally settled according to law, this amount becomes a specific debt of record against the United States. Its payment is inevitable; and if the contractor desires to borrow money upon it the lender could have no better security.

POST-OFFICE ACCOMMODATION TO BE CURTAILED.

"A system of retrenchment, so far as it may be practicable under existing laws, is now an imperative duty in the administration of the Department. By the act approved June 14, 1858, Congress established 635 new post routes, the service of which—including the St. Paul's and Puget Sound route, established in March, 1855, but not yet put into operation—it has been estimated would require an annual appropriation from the treasury of $604,088 over and above the receipts accruing therefrom. Not a dollar, however, has been appropriated for this purpose, and, as a necessary result, the contracts for these routes, though they have been advertised and proposals received, can not be closed until the necessary funds shall have been provided by law. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, J. Holt."

THE SICKLES CASE.

The *Times* correspondent telegraphs: "On Thursday the counsel for Mr. Sickles appeared in Court, and Mr. Chilton requested to know whether any action would be taken by the Court in the case of Mr. Sickles, who was extremely anxious that his trial should be proceeded with at the earliest possible moment. On behalf of Mr. Sickles he desired to say that the Grand Jury had made a presentment in the case eight days since, and that although he had expected to hear, from day to day, that an indictment had been found by the Grand Jury and presented, he regretted to say that no action had so far been taken, and he desired to know, on behalf of Mr. Sickles, at what time the indictment would be presented to the Grand Jury.

"The Court intimated that it had no control in the case, as the accused had not been indicted, and the whole matter, therefore, was with the Grand Jury and the District-Attorney. The Court therefore declined any further hearing in the matter.

"Subsequently the District-Attorney agreed with the counsel of the accused that he would send in the indictment to the Grand Jury during the morning, and that the same should be returned in due form; that the counsel could attend at two o'clock P.M., and the indictment would be filed at that time with the Clerk.

THE DAY FIXED.

"At two o'clock the several counsel were in attendance, and Mr. Stanton, on behalf of the accused, stated the facts of the case: the imprisonment of Mr. Sickles; the danger to him that unless the Court would order a speedy trial he would lose a part of his witnesses, who were now here and ready; and finally, that one of the counsel had business engagements in an adjoining county, which would require his attendance, and deprive the accused of his services and advice. He called upon the Court to fix the time of the commencement of the trial for Monday, the 28th inst.

"The District-Attorney answered, that while he was desirous of disclaiming any intention to procrastinate the trial of Mr. Sickles, he was not willing to be compelled to go to trial unprepared, and that he could not be ready before next Monday week; that although the accused was in prison, and counsel had urged that Mr. Sickles was entitled to a speedy trial, he believed that the United States were not to be forced into a trial without due preparation, and he did not recognize the right of counsel to examine him as to why he was unwilling to proceed at an earlier day than he (the District-Attorney) had named.

"The Court declined to interfere in any way, saying that the Court did not interfere with the District-Attorney except in extreme cases, and that he did not see any fact in the case which would induce him to order the case to proceed until the District-Attorney thought proper to take it up.

"The counsel and the District-Attorney finally agreed upon Monday week as the time for the commencement of the trial. The counsel for the defense all remarked that they were ready *now*, but if they would not proceed on Monday next they would submit to Monday week, to which Judge Crawford consented, and the case was accordingly set down for that day.

"Mr. Sickles's health is very good, he having suffered much less from his confinement than his friends would suppose from his known active habits."

DISTURBANCE AT AUBURN PRISON.

There has been another riot at Auburn. The Auburn paper says:

"Cæsar, the negro, and the immediate cause of the disturbance, is an ugly desperado, 22 years of age, and was sentenced in Erie County for petit larceny, second offense, May 5, 1855, for four years and six months—time out in a few months. He has a mere flesh wound in the thigh, and will be about in a few days. Cæsar is a very mean and ugly negro, and had been confined in the dungeon for two days but a short time ago. He was urged and excited by a convict by the name of Merritz—a German, who is the most reckless, fearless, and meanest convict in the hame shop.

"Before the guards fired he was the most daring and reckless fighter there, constantly throwing his weapons, inviting his fellow-convicts to mutiny, and asserting that the guards were cowards and dare not fire. Two of the muskets were aimed at and covered him, but, unfortunately, they both snapped, and the convicts, thinking that the thing was all a farce on the part of the guards, redoubled their exertion, and the missiles flew about the keepers' heads until it became a perfect tempest of flying hammers, harness bolts, and bars. It was then that Mr. Kirkpatrick ordered all to retire or drop down, and called upon the guard to fire.

"The negro was shot by a pistol in the hands of keeper J. O. Barber, immediately after the discharge of the muskets. The convicts who were shot were in the west end of the shop, while the negro, who had broken away from Mr. Austin, was skirmishing to the east end.

"He threw a large hammer at Mr. Barber, who was watching the crowd in the west end; the missile struck him between the shoulders, when he turned and fired at the negro, hitting him as we have before stated. The negro fell, jumped up again, and ran to the extreme east end of the shop, where he went through a door and ran round to an adjoining shop, where he was secured.

THE REVOLT QUELLED.

"As soon as the convicts saw that Mr. Kirkpatrick was really in earnest they threw down their arms, and were loud in their protestations that they would return to their work. The wounded convicts were immediately removed to the hospital, and the entire body of hame-shop convicts marched to their cells and locked up.

"It appears that a row has been anticipated in this shop for some time. Since the death of the negro Moore the convicts have been more or less uneasy, and were waiting an opportunity to rebel.

"Some of the convicts were aware that there was a fight in contemplation a long time previous, and many of the most desperate and strongest convicts in the hame shop were deterred from taking part in the riot by the personal solicitations of one of the foremen in that shop.

"A *post mortem* examination was held on Sunday forenoon on the bodies of Loop and Gilbert by Drs. Van Anden, Briggs, Dimon, and Gilmore.

"On Sunday all was quiet in the prison. In the morning Rev. Henry Fowler, in the absence of the chaplain, preached a sermon to the convicts on the 'necessity of obedience to law.'"

A LETTER FROM EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE.

The following is from a letter from Ex-President Pierce, who, with his amiable and excellent lady, has been for some time traveling in Europe:

"Hotel Villa Nardi, Sorrento, *Feb.* 11, 1859.

"My dear Sir,—The inclosed letter would have been sent from Capri, had not communication with the main land been interdicted by wind and waves. As soon as the sea became quiet we embarked for this sweet and picturesque place.

"It was pleasant to find here letters and papers from home awaiting our arrival. My satisfaction, however, in reading the papers, was somewhat marred by certain paragraphs, which impute sinister political motives to my friends and myself, in connection with my protracted absence from the United States. The suggestion that my voyage to Madeira, and subsequent sojourn in Europe, were prompted by any object, except the one known to the public, is, under the circumstances, peculiarly wanton.

"It would be difficult, as I believe I have said to you in the inclosed, to convey to you an adequate idea of the extent to which I have enjoyed the repose which, for the first time in twenty-five years, it has been my privilege to command. For Mrs. Pierce, exemption from care and exciting causes of solicitude is indispensable.

"I can not speak with any certainty as to the period of our return, but, whether it be earlier or later, you may be quite sure that I shall, *under no possible circumstances*, consent to the use of my name in a manner calculated to disturb the tranquil pursuits which alone pertain to the life of a private citizen. Your friend,

"Franklin Pierce.

"Hon. B. M. Farley, Hollis, New Hampshire."

A WOMAN WHIPPED BY MORMONS.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes from Provo: "A Gentile resident of Frogtown a short time ago went over to Provo after a young woman, who, it seems, had taken a fancy to him, and who wished to leave Provo and come and live in Frogtown with her Gentile admirer. But a mob collected around the house where she and her lover were, and he was advised that he would find it conducive to his health to leave immediately, which he did. *The young woman was then taken out and publicly whipped!*"

THE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

The *Evening Post* contains the following: "On Tuesday afternoon, as a private carriage, containing two ladies, mother and daughter, was quietly proceeding through Twenty-third Street, near Madison Square, it was met by a funeral procession of a portion of the Hibernian Society, with music and banners. The horses became restive, and the driver endeavored to quiet them. The procession instantly halted, a number of the members of the Hibernian Society seized the horses, and with sticks beat them unmercifully. They then attacked the driver, beating him with sticks, and gathering stones from the street, threw them at him with such violence as to throw him senseless from his box, bleeding severely from the head, which had been cut open by the stones. The ladies implored for mercy, but the assailants remained deaf to their appeal, and were in the act of upsetting the carriage, when two gentlemen, acquaintances of the ladies, approached and helped them out of the difficulty. The daughter, overcome with the danger apprehended from the furious attack of the assailants, fainted, and was carried insensible into an adjoining house."

A FIGHT WITH THE CAMANCHES.

A dispatch from Leavenworth to the St. Louis *Democrat* says a severe fight has occurred near Fort Arbuckle between fifty troops and fifty Wachita Indians, under Lieutenant Powell, and a large party of Camanches, in which two Camanches were killed and two soldiers wounded. Another fight occurred between Lieutenant Stanley's command of fifty troops and the Camanches, in which eight of the latter and one of the former were killed. Captain Carr and fifty men have left Fort Washington for the seat of war. It is stated that the Camanches number upward of three thousand. Another battle is anticipated.

A CARELESS SEXTON.

A private letter from Norwich contains the following amusing anecdote:

"Sunday before last the Baptists were to have a grand celebration; quite a number of persons were to be baptized, not in the river, but in a large pool sunk in the floor of the church under the pulpit, which is on wheels and capable of being rolled away. It was an extraordinary occasion, and the house was crowded with Episcopalians, Congregationalists, and Methodists, as well as with the Baptists themselves. The opening services were gone through with, the pulpit was rolled away, and the minister, with one of the candidates, approached the pool and commenced descending the steps. Suddenly they paused, then held a hurried consultation, made a retreat, and it was announced that the ceremony would be postponed till evening. The rest of the services were gone through with by an audience more diverted than edified, for, before the service was ended, the whole congregation had learned that the pool was half full of dirty soap-suds, and various were the surmises as to how they got there. In the course of the day it leaked out that the sexton had taken a bath there Saturday night, and forgotten to let off the water!"

PERSONAL.

General Sam Houston says that he intends spending the remainder of his life in privacy, peace, and whittling among the sheep on his ranche in Texas, having had quite enough to do with the "goats and wolves" at Washington.

Jacob Strawn, of Rockford, Illinois, went to that State twenty-five years ago a poor man. He has reduced to cultivation over 30,000 acres of land, and has now one farm of 7800 acres, and another of 10,000. He usually employs from 200 to 300 men, and till recently has stalled from 5000 to 6000 head of cattle every year.

Mrs. Key, mother of P. Barton Key, now lies very ill at Baltimore. She supposes that her son died of apoplexy.

Miss Helen Dresser, sixteen years old, is lecturing in the Southern cities on Mormonism. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dresser, whose escape from Salt Lake City some two years since made a stir at the time.

Bishop M'Ilvaine of Ohio, who has just returned from a European tour, met on his arrival at Cincinnati a very warm and cordial reception from the church and clergy of that city.

Professor Agassiz, since he came to this country in 1846, has visited every State in the union east of the Rocky Mountains except Iowa and Texas, accompanied always by one or more assistants.

A number of the citizens of Montreal have presented to Sir William Logan a splendid silver fountain, in commemoration of his services as Provincial Geologist of Canada, and for his services at the Exhibitions at London and Paris.

Several members of the Washington bar held a meeting a few evenings since, to consider the propriety of appointing one of their number to aid in the prosecution of Mr. Sickles. Another meeting will be held soon, and the impression is that Mr. Carlisle or Mr. Bradley will be selected. It is an unprecedented proceeding against a member of their own fraternity.

The *Propagateur Catholique*, a Southern Catholic journal, learns from persons worthy of confidence, that General Walker, recently converted to the Catholic Church, has determined to enter a religious order and become a Catholic priest.

The Anderson *Central Texian* mentions a negro man in that town who is one hundred and twenty years old. He was at the battle of Guilford Court House, and has a vivid recollection of the scenes of that day. He is a hale old man.

A Boston paper says that the Adirondack Club, composed of philosophers, authors, savans, artists, and ordinary human beings, the prominent members of which are Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Professors Agassiz and Wyman, are about purchasing twelve thousand acres of land in the wilds of Adirondack, building a commodious camp-house, and making all convenient arrangements for their annual sojourn in the woods. As the land can be purchased for 12½ cents per acre, it will be seen that the land, twelve thousand acres of woods, lakes, ravines, brook-trout, bears, and panthers, can be bought and paid for without producing any great panic in the money market.

Captain John H. Weber, an aged man of eighty years, committed suicide at Bellevue, Iowa, by cutting his throat with a razor, on the 7th inst. At an early day he was United States Land Agent at Galena, and had been agent for the Hudson's Bay Company. It is said that he was the first white man who looked on Great Salt Lake. He was an infidel, and had for many years declared his determination of taking his own life.

Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, is preparing to establish an observatory at a suitable position within the limits of Nantucket, her native town.

"Jennie June," who writes in *The Democratic Standard* at Rockford, Illinois, is very severe upon Brignoli, the handsome tenor of the Italian Opera, because "it is said that in every city he has received not less than one hundred letters, expressing every degree of admiration and sentimental attachment." Jennie June describes this hero of one hundred love-letters as "only a conceited jackanapes, with a square face, shockingly careless and negligent as a singer, stiff and ungraceful as an actor, and in personal appearance could not bear comparison with any ordinary American gentleman." At first, she says, he tried to answer these extraordinary epistles, but "now he only looks at them with the air of Don Juan, and adds them to his collection." Finally, the question forces itself on the unsophisticated mind, how Miss Jennie June, of Rockford, Illinois, knows so much on this subject?

Miss Turner, of New Haven, a lady of character and good position, is sent to jail for contempt of court, in refusing to give information in regard to a little girl who came to her in a suffering condition and asked for shelter and aid. The father, who is represented as a disreputable person, has since sought to reclaim the child by writ of *habeas corpus*, which Miss Turner refuses to obey.

The New Jersey Legislature received a communication two or three days since from Sarah Hunt, a member of the Society of Friends, stating that she felt a "concern" to pay them a religious visit. A time was appointed to receive her; and the occasion, it is to be hoped, was to "edification."

Two Americans, one of them from Richmond, Virginia, while in Cuba, a few weeks since, visited the spot where Lieutenant Crittenden, of the Lopez expedition, was shot, and erected a marble monument to his memory.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

VOYAGE OF THE ITALIAN EXILES.

Poerio and his companions have arrived at Cork. From the Cork *Examiner* we copy the following particulars respecting their voyage:

"All the party having been put on board at Cadiz, the *David Stewart* was towed out to sea for a distance of nearly 200 miles by a Neapolitan war steamer. The steamer then cast off and left the ship with a fair wind from the east. Scarcely, however, was the ship well away from the protection of the steamer's guns than the exiles in a body came to the captain, delivered to him a protest against being carried to New York, and called upon him to make the first port he could reach in England. The captain, one-third of whose freight had been retained as a guarantee for the performance of his contract, remonstrated with their demand to have him break his engagement, and ultimately refused. They appeared to acquiesce in his decision, or at least pressed their demand no further that evening; but the next morning it was again renewed, and in a more decided and threatening manner. A young Italian, named Raffaelli Settembrini, had shipped with the captain in Cadiz, and signed articles as a seaman. Up to that morning he had done his work with the rest of the crew. But when the assemblage waited upon the captain he made his appearance in the uniform of a mate of one of the Galway line of steamers—a handsome blue frock, with gilt buttons, gold cap-band, etc. This position he really had held; but it turned out he was the son of Luigi Settembrini, who, hearing of his father's conditional pardon, and of his destination, left for Spain and resorted to the *ruse* we have mentioned to join him. The captain of the ship believes that he was dispatched by the Italian Society of London to aid the prisoners in the course they subsequently took.

HOW THEY TOOK THE COMMAND OF THE SHIP.

"The exiles stated that they had a navigator in their party, and that even if they had to take the ship out of the hands of the captain and crew, they would be able to sail her without their assistance. They represented to the captain that they had been two months at sea, many of them being old, and all with constitutions more or less enfeebled by an imprisonment of ten years, so that a long voyage would be torture to them all, and death perhaps to some. They contended also that, being under the American flag, they were free, and that they had no right to be taken any where but where they chose. These arguments, backed up by the preponderance of physical force, the exiles being sixty-six, while the crew was but seventeen, and the manifest determination of the former to resort to extremities to carry out their intention, compelled the captain to yield, and turn the vessel's head northward. They were temperate and polite in manner, but about their determination there could be no mistake. They set a guard, of threes or fours in turn, to keep watch over the compass, and see that the ship's head was kept in the direction of the haven they looked for. The weather was baffling, and the passage was tedious. The captain intended making for Cork, but missed the harbor in a fog, and had got as far as Ballycotton, but having fallen in with a Cork pilot, beat back again; so that at length, after a voyage of fourteen days, the ship anchored in the man-of-war roads. As fast as possible the whole band got themselves conveyed ashore to Queenstown, and testified in the most lively manner their joy at being at last assured of freedom. The enthusiasm of some rose to such a pitch that they actually kissed the soil upon which they first planted foot as freemen. Some of them state that their sight has grown dim from the length of time they have been in prison, and some seem to have grown rather prematurely gray; but as far as we were able to judge, there was not in their appearance any thing to indicate their having endured peculiar hardships.

HOW POERIO AND HIS FRIENDS LOOK.

"During the voyage, Poerio, whose health has been greatly enfeebled, used to get out of bed, and sit on deck for a couple of hours daily. On his arrival at Queenstown, he caused himself to be removed to a private lodging. In appearance he is short, thick-set, and rather good-looking. His age is fifty-five, but his looks would indicate that he is somewhat older. He now speaks but a few words of English, though it is said he at one time knew the language well. The want of exercise in speaking or reading it during the period of his long imprisonment has almost entirely obliterated it from his memory. The young sailor, to whom we have already alluded, is of very prepossessing appearance. We have not learned the ultimate intention of this band of exiles; but it is very probable the great majority of them will go back to Italy, seeking refuge in the Sardinian kingdom. Under any circumstances, Poerio will, we believe, go to Sardinia."

THE GREAT PEERS OF ENGLAND.

A London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* thus speaks of some of the great men of the British House of Lords:

"A very interesting Parliamentary performance the other night was Lord Lyndhurst's speech on the Royal Academy. Lord Lyndhurst tops even Lord Brougham in mental longevity. Now, I believe, in his eighty-eighth year, he is as lucid in statement, as clear in memory, as playful at once and as powerful in illustration as he ever was. Even the dull and decorous lords seemed stirred when the eagle-faced old man spoke of the days 'when I attended Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures seventy years ago.' As the son of Copley, the historical painter, Lord Lyndhurst's youth was passed chiefly in the society of artists. He still cherishes the memory of those days, and is proud of his father's connection with art. Only the other day I heard of his sending for one of our distinguished painters, to ask his advice about the varnishing a picture of his father's, which he was about to present to some public institution in his father's native State—I believe at Boston. Lord Brougham is little less of a wonder than Lord Lyndhurst, though several years younger. His energy is still terrific. He uses a mental sledge-hammer where Lyndhurst handles a small sword—not the less deadly because it requires less muscle to wield it. For unimpaired clearness of intellect, Lord Lansdowne, now in his eightieth year, may compare not unfavorably with either of these legal perennials. But deafness is evidently growing upon him, greatly to his annoyance. His genial, social, and inquiring nature is ill-adapted to acquiesce in the shutting up of that great avenue to the brain. Lord Campbell is worthy to run as wheeler with Lord Brougham in the unicorn team of which Lyndhurst should be leader. The intellect is of a less massive order than Brougham's, of a less finished elegance and less noble proportions than Lord Lyndhurst's; but it is an eminently practical mind, and in capital working order, without a speck of rust, kept in full play as it is, yet not overtasked, by the duties of the Chief Justiceship. Take these four men together, and I suppose we might challenge any assemblage of any country or any period of history to match them, as examples of large acquirement, and long-exercised and marvelously-preserved powers of mind."

AN HONEST LAWYER.

In the course of a lecture delivered in the hall of the Law Society, in Chancery Lane, London, "On the moral, social, and professional duties of attorneys and solicitors," Mr. Warren, M.P., narrated the following incident: "A short time ago a gentleman of large fortune, a man, in fact, worth his £40,000, was indignant with his only child, a daughter, for marrying against his wishes. He quarreled with her, disinherited her, and left the whole property, £40,000, to his attorney and two other gentlemen, all of whom were residing in Yorkshire. The attorney went to his co-legatees, got them to sign their respective claims over to himself, and then made over every sixpence of the amount to the daughter and her children." The above circumstance is literally true. This gentleman of fortune was a retired solicitor in the town of Barnsley, and the disinterested attorney is now the senior practicing attorney in Yorkshire, with mind undimmed by the burden of more than fourscore years—genial in spirit, and deservedly held in respect as an "honest lawyer." It is right to add that the testator was a most singular recluse, and that the Lothario of his daughter's choice was an officer of repute, and the marriage of a suitable character.

A SEPOY IN A TRUNK.

The *Court Journal* says: "An officer who has just 'done' the Indian campaign arrived at a west-end hotel last week with his luggage, among which was a box of peculiar proportions, about which he expressed great anxiety, and his repeated counselings with regard to the trunk gave rise to the feeling that there was something mysterious attached to it. One of the girls, during the absence of the owner of the said trunk, hovered about it so long, and cast so many wistful glances, that she at length gave way to the evil genius of curiosity, and as the key was in the trunk, resolved to have just one little peep. Thought and done; but the fair partner of the great Blue Beard himself could not have been more horror-struck than the fair slavey of the hotel. The lid dropped, and she fled in consternation to the mistress and the master, for nothing short of a horrid murder had been committed according to her notions. At the instant when the excitement was at its height the proprietor of the box arrived, and a word or two put him *au fait* with matters, and a malicious laugh showed that the trap Miss Curiosity had been warned not to fall in, perhaps, was laid. At any rate, the result was well relished. The assembled company was then invited to an inspection. The box was opened; it contained, certainly, that which might have tried the nerves of the most courageous—half a Sepoy, embalmed, and looking uncommonly fresh and lively. The respected departed gentleman had been blown away from a gun, and grimly grinned through his bushy beard and hirsute appendages. The eccentric owner had chosen to make him his traveling companion, either for a museum present or a *gage d'amour* to some fair friend."

THE NEW DISEASE—DIPHTHERIA.

The *Lancet* contains a report "On Diphtheria," by the sanitary committee of that journal, which traces the first origin of this disease to a period long antecedent to Hippocrates, and nearly contemporary with Homer, it being known then as the "Malum Egyptiacum." It refers to similar epidemics in Rome (A.D. 380); in Holland, 1337; in Spain, 1600; in Naples, 1619, when out of a small population it carried off 5000 persons. Diphtheria, it would appear, ravaged New York in 1771 and 1813. The deaths of Washington and the Empress Josephine are attributed to it. From the careful study of the French epidemics since that of Tours, in 1824, diphtheria would appear to have traversed nearly all the departments, passing from the south littoral districts toward the centre. The epidemics which appear most closely to resemble those which have occurred in this country, are those of Paris and Boulogne, in 1856. The *Lancet* states that 366 deaths occurred from this cause in the city, 341 of those who were carried off being under ten years of age, and that the English were the greatest sufferers. Both in England and in France diphtheria has shown itself regardless of meteorological, climatic, or cosmic influences, and careless of the limitations of heat, cold, dryness, and moisture. Its course has been from the southeastern counties toward the centre of the country, and thence toward the north. Its violence appears to be greatly aggravated by domestic uncleanliness, certain predisposing individual conditions, and want of hygienic arrangements. Diphtheria is stated to be eminently contagious: so that the first precaution taken should be the complete isolation of the patient attacked. It is feared that this precaution has been greatly overlooked, and hence, partly, the frequency with which diphtheria has spread from one member of a family to another until all have fallen."

THACKERAY AND YATES.

Mr. Edmund Yates has printed a pamphlet giving the history of his quarrel with Mr. Thackeray and the Garrick Club. It will be seen from the following letter that Mr. Charles Dickens offered his mediation:

"Tavistock House, *November* 24, 1858.

"My dear Thackeray,—Without a word of prelude I wish this note to revert to a subject on which I said six words to you at the Athenæum when I last saw you.

"Coming home from my country work I find Mr. Edwin James's opinion taken on this painful question of the Garrick and Mr. Edmund Yates. I find it strong on the illegality of the Garrick proceeding. Not to complicate this note, or give it a formal appearance, I forbear from copying the opinion; but I have asked to see it, and I have it, and I want to make no secret from you of a word of it.

"I find Mr. Edwin James retained on the one side; I hear and read of the Attorney-General being retained on the other. Let me, in this state of things, ask you a plain question.

"Can any conference be held between me, as representing Mr. Yates, and an appointed friend of yours, as representing you, with the hope and purpose of some quiet accommodation of this deplorable matter, which will satisfy the feelings of all concerned?

"It is right that, in putting this to you, I should tell you that Mr. Yates, when you first wrote to him, brought your letter to me. He had recently done me a manly service I can never forget, in some private distress of mine (generally within your knowledge); he naturally thought of me as his friend in an emergency. I told him that his article was not to be defended; but I confirmed him in his opinion that it was not reasonably possible for him to set right what was amiss, on the receipt of a letter couched in the very strong terms you had employed. When you appealed to the Garrick Committee, and they called their general meeting, I said at that meeting that you and I had been on good terms for many years, and that I was very sorry to find myself opposed to you; but that it was clear that the Committee had nothing on earth to do with it, and that in the strength of my conviction I should go against you.

"If this mediation that I have suggested can take place I shall be heartily glad to do my best in it; and God knows I hold no hostile spirit toward any one, least of all to you. If it can not take place the thing is, at least, no worse than it now is; and you will burn this letter, and I will burn your answer.

"Yours faithfully, Charles Dickens.

"W. M. Thackeray, Esq."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S POLICY.

The *Moniteur* of March 5 contains the following highly important article:

"Public opinion in foreign countries does not clearly understand the present *régime* of the press in France. The belief appears to prevail too generally that the journals are subjected to a previous censorship, and thus an importance is ascribed to them which is unfounded. The Administration, it ought to be known, has no preventive action as regards the press. The public should, therefore, be on its guard against the inductions founded on the language of the journals. Whenever a grave question presents itself, or an important act is accomplished, the Government addresses itself directly to the nation through the official journal. That is a duty which it has always imposed on itself, and which it will accomplish the more scrupulously under present circumstances, as public opinion is now more than ever taken unawares and misled.

"The state of things in Italy, although of old date, has in these latter times assumed in the eyes of all a character of gravity which has naturally struck the mind of the Emperor; for the chief of a great Power like France can not isolate himself from questions which interest European order. Animated by a spirit of prudence which it would have been culpable not to have possessed, he directs his attention in the most loyal manner to the reasonable and equitable solution of these delicate and difficult problems.

"The Emperor has nothing to disguise, nothing to disavow, either in the objects of his anxious deliberation or in his alliances. French interest guides his policy and justifies his vigilance.

"In presence of the disquietudes—we are glad to believe unfounded—which have agitated public opinion in Piedmont, the Emperor has promised the King of Sardinia to defend him against any aggressive act on the part of Austria. He has promised nothing more; and it is well known that he keeps his word.

FRANCE IS NOT PREPARING FOR WAR.

"France, it is asserted, is making considerable warlike preparations. This is a completely gratuitous imputation. The regular effective force of the peace footing, adopted two years ago by the Emperor, has not been exceeded. The artillery is purchasing 4000 horses to attain the regiementary limits. The infantry regiments are 2000 strong, and the regiments of cavalry 900.

"It is affirmed, also, that the French arsenals are displaying extraordinary activity. But it is forgotten that we have to change all our artillery and to transform our entire fleet. This last undertaking, long since decided on in order to give our fleet its normal strength, is sanctioned by the annual votes of the legislative body; and, notwithstanding the most praiseworthy activity, several years will still be necessary to complete the operation.

"Lastly, uneasiness is felt at the preparations in our navy. All these preparations, however, consist in fitting out four frigates for the conveyance of troops from France to Algeria, and from Algeria to France; and four screw transports destined to provide for different eventualities, especially for the service of Civita Vecchia, and for the revictualing, by way of Alexandria, of our expedition in Cochin China.

"Such are the facts, and they should fully reassure sincere men as to the projects ascribed to the Emperor, and lead them to treat as they deserve the allegations of those who are interested in casting doubts on the most unobjectionable measures, and clouding the clearest situations."

RESIGNATION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "I have now to confirm what I mentioned yesterday, viz., that Prince Napoleon's resignation of his post as Minister of Algeria was at first refused by the Emperor; that it was again tendered, and again refused; and it was only when offered the third or fourth time that the Emperor consented to accept it. His Majesty also accepted the person the Prince recommended as his successor, namely, M. Chasseloup-Laubat, as Minister for Algeria and the colonies. The nomination will appear on an early day in the *Moniteur*. I can not refuse to give what purports to be a correct statement of the views of Prince Napoleon, as proceeding from a person who professes to be well acquainted with them, and whose sincerity I have no reason to doubt:

"A fact of extreme gravity, he says, has taken place in the French Cabinet, of which it is important the political world should know the signification and the meaning, namely, the resignation of his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon of the Ministry of Algeria and the Colonies. First of all, he declares that the retirement of the Prince does not in the slightest degree alter the intimate relations which unite him to his Majesty the Emperor, and they who fancy to see a momentary rupture between the two august cousins labor under a serious error. Their relations were never more intimate. There does not exist between the two personages any political dissension.

"The retirement of the Prince refers merely, as will be explained, to a question of opportuneness, and a change of persons.

"Since his entry into the Cabinet His Imperial Highness has been in frequent opposition, on questions of internal and external policy, to the greater part of the Ministers, and especially with MM. Walewski and Fould. The divergence of opinion which arose on all the grave questions of the day, assumed a character of gravity during the recent events, and especially on the occasion of a note inserted in the *Moniteur*, so that it became impossible that the Prince and the Ministers we have mentioned could continue to sit in the same Council.

"The policy which Prince Napoleon wished to see carried out he has proclaimed on various occasions; it is, a prudent liberty at home, under the ten-fold guarantee of the laws and of authority, and a firm but not compromising attitude abroad."

THE EMPEROR'S FEELINGS TOWARD ENGLAND.

The following appears in the English newspapers and also in the *Moniteur*:

"Palace of the Tuileries, *March* 1.

"My dear Sir Francis,—I thank you for having collected together, in order to send them direct to me, the different articles which you have inserted in the English journals, for you thus give me an opportunity of expressing to you all my gratitude for the sentiments of which you have not feared the spontaneous manifestation in my favor. I have seen in them, and I am much touched by it, a new proof that my old friends in England have not forgotten me, and that they know how much I always preserve for the English people the esteem and the sympathy which I felt during my exile in the midst of them. Even in writing to-day, I detect myself in recollecting, as a happy time, the epoch when, proscribed, I saw you in England. It is, that in changing one's destiny one only changes one's joys and sorrows. Formerly the affliction of exile alone appeared to me; to-day I see plainly the cares of power, and one of the greatest of them around me is, without doubt, to find one's self misunderstood and misjudged by those whom one values the most and with whom one desires to live upon good terms.

"Thus I consider it very natural that the parties whom it has been my duty to oppose and to repress should bear me ill-will, and should seek the means to injure me; but that the English, of whom I have always been the most devoted and the most faithful ally, should attack me incessantly in the journals in the most unworthy and in the most unjust manner, is what I can not comprehend; for, in truth, I can not discover any interest they can have in exciting the public mind against France. If, in my own country, I choose to act in this manner, it would be impossible for me afterward to restrain the passions I should have let loose.

"I have always entertained a great admiration for the liberties of the English people; but I regret deeply that liberty, like all good things, should also have its excess. Why is it that, instead of making truth known, it uses every effort to obscure it? Why is it that, encouraging and developing generous sentiments, it propagates mistrust and hatred?

"I am happy, then, among all these manœuvres of falsehood, to have found a defender who, guided by the sole love of truth, has not hesitated energetically to oppose to them his loyal and disinterested voice.

"Believe, my dear Sir Francis,
"In my sentiments of friendship,
"Napoleon.

"Sir Francis Head, Croydon."

THE ROTHSCHILD BANQUET.

A letter from Paris states that at the banquet given after the late Rothschild marriage the magnificence was beyond all description, and it would appear that splendors vying with those recounted in the "Arabian Nights" were lavished upon an entertainment to which nobody but the family, some sixty or seventy Rothschilds, was admitted. The entire changes of the more than threescore guests were made in silver and silver gilt; plates, dishes, every thing was of the precious metals, as at royal tables; only at dessert was perceived the priceless service of old Sèvres, belonging to the Paris paterfamilias, and whereof each plate represents somewhere about a king's ransom. As to the viands on the table, they came from every country and every clime; there were swallows' nests from China, sterlets (a fish of excessive price in Russia, of the size of a salmon, and of fat, orange-colored flesh) from Russia, reed birds and canvas-backs from America, bustards from Spain, pheasants from Bohemia, entrés of peacocks' brains, fillets of buffalo-hump, and one of my lady informants declares—salmis of Brazilian parrots! Every salt or fresh water had yielded up its fish; every moor, marsh, and forest its fowl; every hot-bed, heated by fire or the sun, its fruit; and every grape that ever hung any where, its wine. As to the flowers with which the table and the dining-room were ornamented, it is affirmed that there were 1500 pounds' worth (I mean £1500 English). All the windows were covered with trellis-work, over which were framed the choicest creeping plants of the tropics, shedding their luscious perfumes around. It is affirmed that the ladies present wore upon their persons between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 francs' worth of jewels; and in the way of doing honor to the banquet, those who partook of it sat at table from half past six to midnight.

BAL COSTUME AT MADAME FOULD'S.

On the 28th ultimo M. Fould, Minister of State, received, at his apartments at the Tuileries, the fashionable world of Paris *en costume ou en domino*. There were about 1000 guests. Among the dominoes were the Emperor and Empress, who did not otherwise appear. Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde were also there, but no mention is made of the Princess Clotilde.

SOULOUQUE AND DUMAS.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "Soulouque sent an envoy to France, charged with a private mission, and armed with full powers. Shortly after the sable minister's arrival, he caused himself to be presented to Alexander Dumas, senior, whose papa, as every body knows or ought to know, was a magnificent general, of a molasses color. Dumas senior is a shade lighter than was his parent, being of a saddle tint, and Dumas junior, son of Dumas senior, pretends to be almost white. So he is—in the dark.

"The Haytien envoy, after diplomatically beating about the bush for a considerable time, finally came to business, and wound up by informing the astonished novelist that his (the envoy's) mission to France was for the purpose of demanding the hand in marriage of Dumas junior for her Imperial Highness, the Princess Olive, daughter of the Emperor of all the Haytis.

"'The hand of Alexander!' cried father Dumas, thunder-struck. 'Goodness gracious! Gracious goodness! The colored pusson must be insane! I say you must be—'

"He paused. The fact is, the author of Monte Cristo bears the enviable reputation of never having deliberately said a disagreeable word to any body. So he simply added, by way of saying something: 'It's impossible, Sir! Utterly impossible!'

"'Why?' demanded the envoy.

"'Why? Because—hum!—because my son's origin is too obscure for him to dream of such an honor!' And papa Dumas thought this a triumphant piece of cunning.

"'Nothing of the sort, Sir! And, after all,' continued the envoy, with engaging modesty, 'what are *we*? Only parvenus. I myself once peddled oysters! You wouldn't imagine it, I know; but it's a fact. Besides, Sir, if we were to demand a Prince, we should be refused; or, at all events, be fobbed off with an old and ugly one. A *literary* Prince—that's the ticket! He may write as many books and plays down there as he chooses.'

"Papa Dumas, terribly embarrassed, scratched his ear, and at last said,

"'Listen to me. I know Alexander tolerably well. He is continually growling about my ignorance of business; and, as for taking a wife upon my recommendation, he would laugh at the bare idea. Suppose we ask Thompson to break the subject to him?'

"The envoy was satisfied with this plan, and Thompson was forthwith desired to repeat the proposition to Dumas junior. Dumas junior swore that Thompson must be crazy, and ordered the servant to go for a doctor.

"'Nonsense!' interposed Thompson, 'I am perfectly sane; it is *you* who are crazy, to refuse such a splendid opportunity. Think of a fortune of several millions!'

"'Bah!' retorted Dumas junior. 'Too risky! If the old darkey should happen to be dethroned, I would be obliged to support the whole family.'

"'Not at all,' replied the sagacious Thompson. 'You risk nothing whatever. In case of the little accident you mention, you could take the whole concern over to the United States and sell 'em!'

SEIZURE OF FLEURS DES LYS.

The *Journal d'Ille-et Vilaine* states that on the 19th the police of Rennes seized 127 articles of jewelry exposed for sale in that town, in consequence of their representing *fleurs des lys*. These articles consist principally of shirt-pins, buttons, etc. Orders had likewise been given that persons wearing such articles in future shall be prosecuted. The *Journal de Rennes* observes that this measure, ordered by the Prefect, has excited the more surprise in the town of Rennes, as for the last ten years such articles were exhibited in the shop-windows and sold publicly, and that the persons who purchased attached no political importance to them.

AUSTRIA.

THE WAR NEWS.

There were rumors at Vienna of the probable resignation of Count Cavour.

Lord Cowley remained at Vienna, but was expected to leave about the 10th. There were various reports as to the success of his mission. He was said to be investigating the treaties with the Sovereigns of Italy since 1815.

The text of the recent Austrian note to its representatives at the various German courts is published. It points directly to the possibility of war with Sardinia and France, and expresses the hope that all Germany will act in concert with Austria.

The Austrian troops were not likely to be withdrawn from Rome till all the usual formalities had been gone through with.

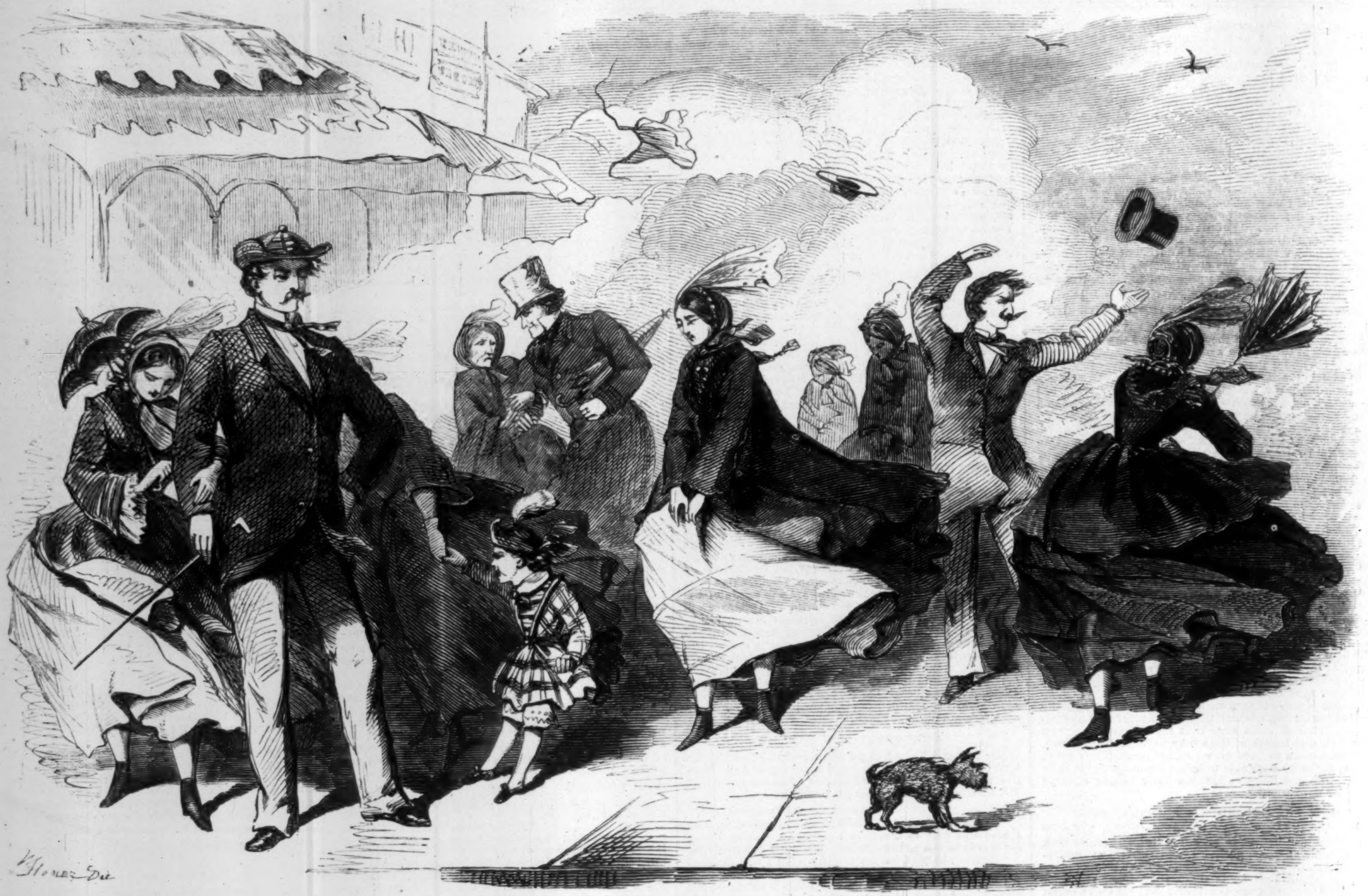
HOW AUSTRIA TREATS POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Appended to the letter addressed by the Italian historian, Signor Farini, to Lord John Russell, and published on the 3d, at Turin, is a long statement by Signor Ungarelli, who says:

"I was arrested at Ferrara, in July, 1852, by order of the Austrian General Rohn, and conveyed into the citadel. Ten days after the arrival of Gran-Shak I was summoned to an examination by the itinerant commission over which he presided. This was composed of himself and two other officers of the battalion Romano Banato, Captain Nicolas Czarni, and Lieutenant Nemetich, both added, as they said, because they understood the Italian idiom, of which the auditor scarcely understood any thing. They first made me to go and see a man already examined (Peter Lama), upon whose body were the marks of blows with a stick. I shuddered at the sight. Being brought before the judges, I was, after a long preface, asked for the story of my political life. Having answered, 'that at twenty-one years of age one has no political life, that I had nothing to repent of, and therefore they must adopt some other mode of interrogation;' the auditor replied 'that he knew every thing already; for my own good I should not persist in denial, and should not compel him to put me to torture; he had orders from Field-Marshal Radetzky to make use of any means which could extract the truth.' He showed me five depositions in a bundle, which he said had been brought against me, and asserted 'that he had too good an opinion of me to imagine that he should have to subject me to the stick.' For some time I was tempted with these and other deceits and threats; at last Czarni tried to move me by speaking of my old parents, who went every day weeping to the general to cry for mercy. I protested against these attempts, and said they had better not say any more in that place about the most holy ties, if they did not wish me to become dumb.

THE SCOURGING.

"But behold the preparation for the whipping: soldiers to hold me, corporals to beat me. I struggled; I got angry; I suggested some other torture, harder, but not so degrading. I prayed—yes, I prayed with tears, I confess. I never prayed so in my life. In vain; they answered, 'That just that which was more unsupportable to me was to be inflicted: that my prayers were in vain, since it depended upon me to yield. I must speak or be placed on the board.' What a moment! Intimidated perhaps by my desperate looks, they hastened to buckle on their sabres, which they had put aside. They shut the windows that my cries might not be heard out of doors, and then began to scourge me. Then I exclaimed, 'If you have proofs of my guilt, why don't you drag me to death? If you've no proofs, why this infamous punishment? Since the voice of reason avails nothing with you, know that you will obtain nothing from me by violence.' Taking my handkerchief, they put it over my mouth, and flung me on the board. They looked at one another; the young lieutenant went out from emotion, the others, sneering, gave orders to strike. For two hours I endured that torture. The executioners struck at intervals; and, after seven or eight blows, they raised me and dragged me to a table, where stood, hanging on my lips, the so-called judges, pen in hand, to write what I should say. I repeated 'That I would not yield to force; they should ask me without brutality.' Mocking and insulting me they had me led back to the board, and the punishment recommenced. After another blow or two they asked me with savage sarcasm, 'No?' And upon my nodding with the head, they gave orders to strike harder. The *weiter* (go on) still resounds in my ears. And the jailer obeyed; and even took the rod in both hands, and more than once broke it on my flesh. More than once I felt myself dying; and when they saw me getting weaker without giving way, they took me back to prison, and a company of soldiers entered. Having examined my back they carefully shut the windows, and two of them placed themselves at my side. Then came the doctors and advised the use of baths. I would not, from anger and to my injury, for I suffered much more in consequence. I no longer took food. I was up all night. I could not sit or lie down, since, instead of getting rest, I made the pain of the contusions and wounds greater."



MARCH WINDS.

MARCH WINDS AND APRIL SHOWERS.

The accompanying engravings need no letter-press. They will be recognized and admired by all who have spent a spring in the temperate zone.

A WARNING.

Place your hands in mine, dear,
With their rose-leaf touch:
If you heed my warning,
It will spare you much.

Ah! with just such smiling,
Unbelieving eyes,
Years ago I heard it:
You shall be more wise.

You have one great treasure,
Joy for all your life;
Do not let it perish
In one reckless strife.

Do not venture all, child,
In one frail, weak heart;
So, through any shipwreck,
You may save a part.

Where your soul is tempted
Most to trust your fate,
There, with double caution
Linger, fear, and wait.

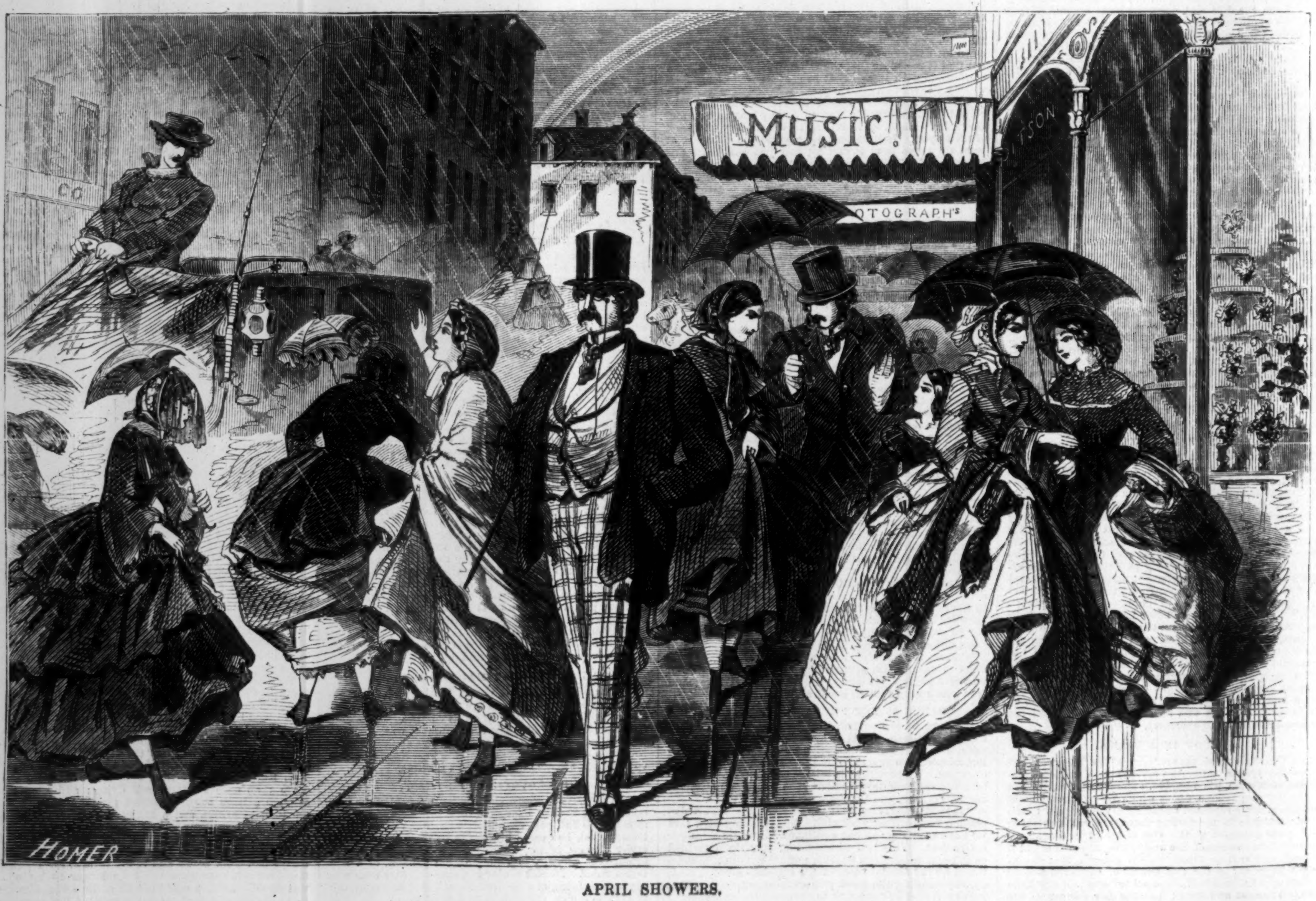
Measure all you give—still
Counting what you take;
Love for love: so placing
Each an equal stake.

Treasure love; though ready
Still to live without.
In your fondest trust, keep
Just one thread of doubt.

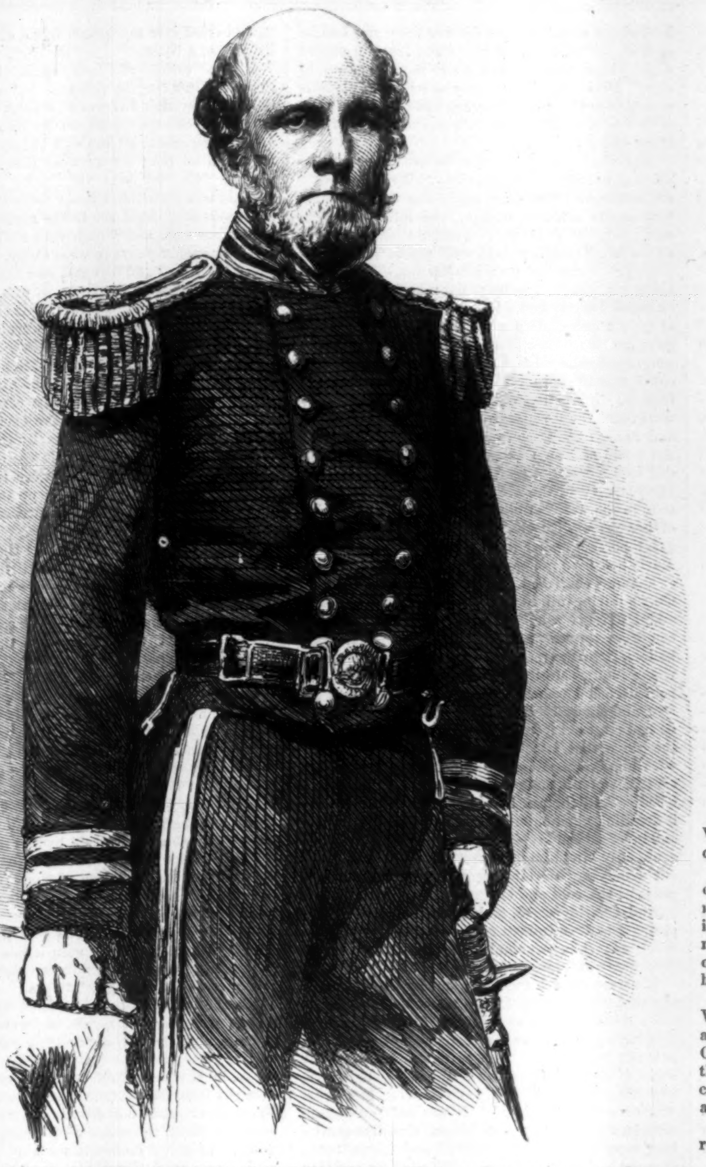
Trust no prayer nor promise;
Words are grains of sand:
Keep your heart unbroken,
Safely in your hand.

That your love may finish
Calm as it begun,
Learn this lesson better,
Dear, than I have done.

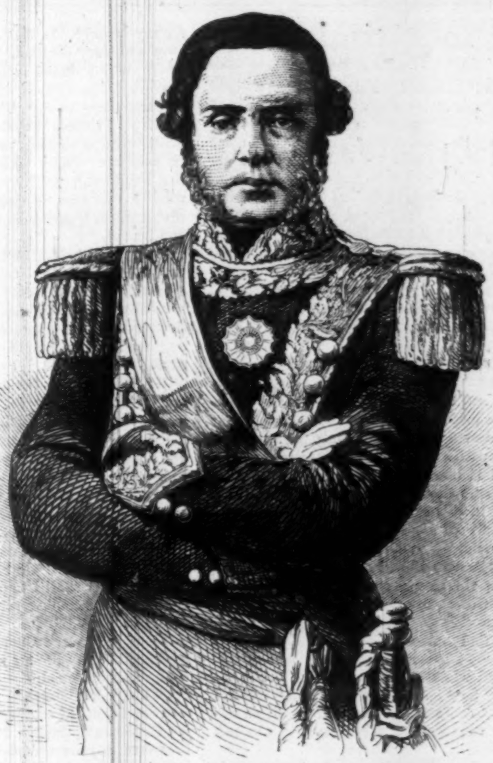
Years hence, perhaps, this warning
You shall give again,
In just the self-same words, dear,
And—just as much in vain.



APRIL SHOWERS.



CAPTAIN PAGE, OF THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]



GENERAL JUSTO JOSÉ DE URQUIZA, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

PROGRESS OF THE SQUADRON.

The latest intelligence from the United States Paraguay Expedition points to a probable peaceable settlement of the pending difficulties. The *Fulton*, having on board Commodore Shubrick and Mr. Commissioner Bowlin, the *Dolphin*, *Harriet Lane*, *Bainbridge*, *Water Witch*, and *Perry*, entered one of the mouths of the Parana (on which river lies the contumacious state of Paraguay) on Saturday, January 1. On the 4th the fleet anchored opposite Rosario, 250 miles above Buenos Ayres, and the capital and chief town of the state of Santa Fé, one of the Argentine Confederation. Rosario is a good coaling station, and it was the intention to fill the bunkers of the steamers here, and then proceed up river to Corrientes, which city is but twenty miles from the junction of the rivers Paraguay and Parana, three miles from which occurred the attack on the United States steamer *Water Witch*, on February 1, 1855.

Meantime, on the 9th January, Señor Justo J. Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation, an intelligent and liberal-minded man, arrived at Rosario, accompanied by several distinguished officers of the Government. The President was visited by Mr. Bowlin and Commodore Shubrick, whom he received with great cordiality. From the conversation which took place it appears that the Argentine Republic and Uruguay will make efforts, by means of Plenipotentiaries already sent to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, to bring about a peaceable settlement. General Guido has for this purpose been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary on the part of the Argentine Confederation to Paraguay, while Dr. Juan Gualberto Mendez, a young physician recently returned to Montevideo from France, has left on board of an American steamer, having been appointed Minister *ad hoc* to represent the Government of the republic of Uruguay in the Diplomatic Conferences.

At the interview at Rosario Commodore Shubrick presented to President Urquiza a piece of the Atlantic telegraph cable, bound with a shield of gold, on which was inscribed, "To the President of the Argentine Confederation, General Justo José de Urquiza."

General Urquiza, whose portrait is given herewith, is the author of the decree which first opened the immense and fertile region of the Parana to the commerce of the world. He is spoken of in very high terms by all the North Americans who have come in personal or official relations with him. Mr. Pendleton, formerly United States Minister at Buenos Ayres, spoke of him with admiration as a "man of the times." Captain Page found him frank and courteous; and his enlightened liberality is shown by the unhesitating and immediate consent he gave to Captain Page for the prosecution of his scientific and surveying operations on the rivers which bound or water the Argentine States. Very different from Lopez, of Paraguay, who proved cunning, deceitful, and ignorant.

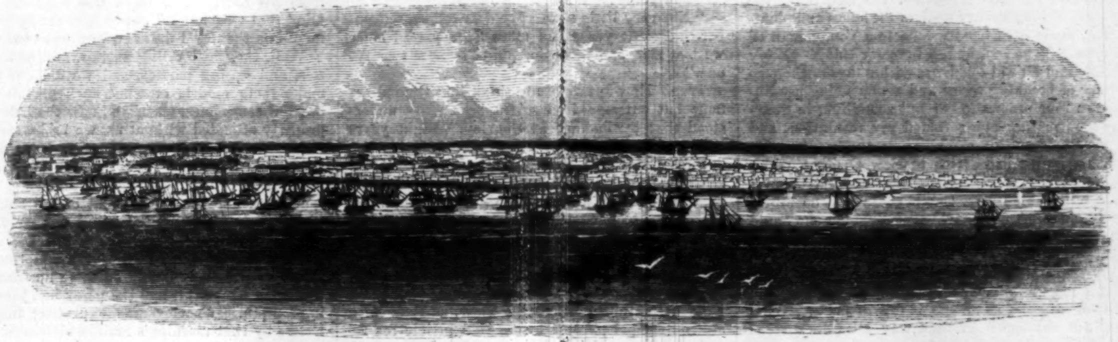
Corrientes, which will be the next place of rendezvous for the fleet, lies on the Parana, about 980 miles from the ocean. It has above 12,000 inhabitants, an extended water-front, capable of accommodating a considerable commerce, is well laid out, with streets running at right angles, and houses of brick, mostly of one story.

The real designs of Lopez are not yet apparent. With a man of his character, next to the immediate and energetic measures of retaliation which Captain Page was prevented from carrying out at the time the *Water Witch* was fired into, the best course undoubtedly is to negotiate for redress with a formidable threat in perspective.

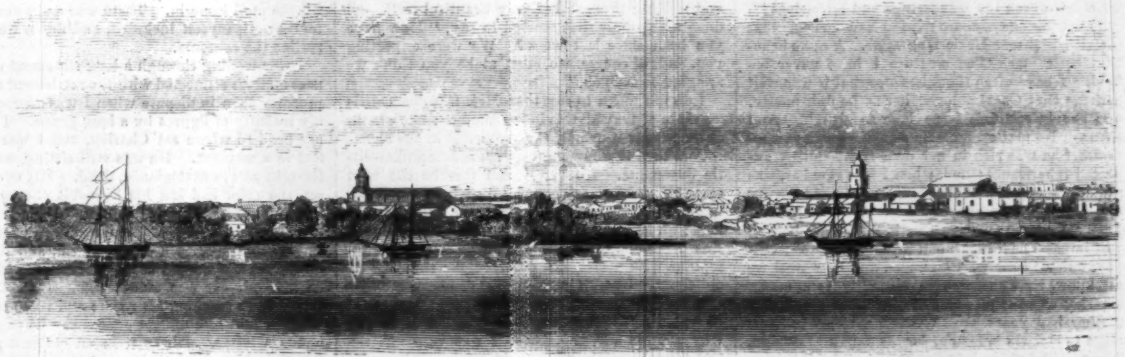
As for the opinions entertained at Rosario, a correspondent at that place thus states them:

"As far as I can learn, the sentiment prevails here that every thing will be amicably arranged, and that we will soon wend our way for home. The Argentine people have not objected, as we thought probable, to our passage through their dominions; and although they stare outrageously at the *Norte Americanos*, I do not believe they are much interested in the result of our dispute. If Lopez does not procrastinate matters by subtlety in discussion, nor succeed in poisoning the food of some of our dignitaries, as it is believed was done with the son of the English Minister, we will soon quit a country which is unexampled as well for the beauty of its surface as for the loveliness of its females and the worthlessness of its men."

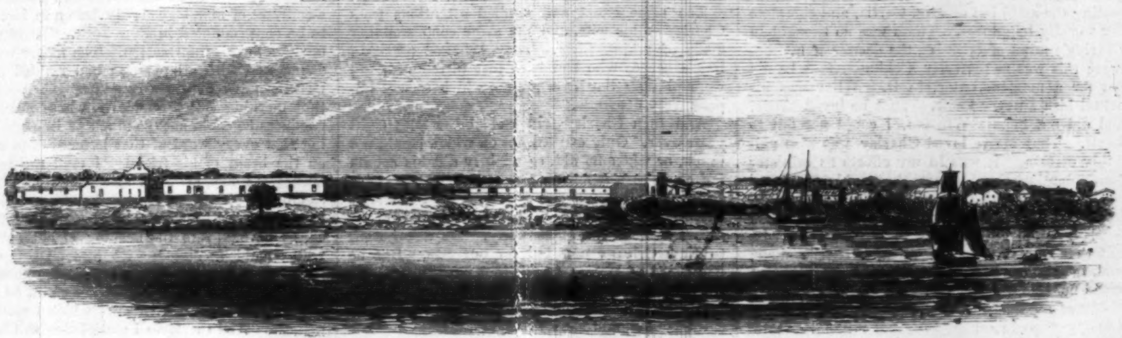
Those who wish to inform themselves thoroughly on the merits of the "Paraguay Question," and on the varied beauties and immense but undeveloped commercial resources of the fine countries drained by the Paraguay and Parana rivers, are referred to the interesting work of Captain Thomas J. Page (whose portrait we give herewith): "La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay," just published by Harper & Brothers.



MONTEVIDEO, FROM THE FORT ON THE MOUNT.



CORRIENTES, UPPER END.



CORRIENTES, LOWER END.

FIRST LOVE AND SECOND WIFE.

I spent that summer at Nahant. I am obliged to confess myself rather *blasé*. An old bachelor of thirty-three, I have run the course of dissipation, and feel it necessary that quiet should come; not that my constitution will not stand it, but I am really like Sir Charles Coldstream, and have concluded "there's nothing in it." I get through my time philosophically. Winter in London, Paris, or New York; summer it at Baden, Naples, Florence, or some of our own watering spots, only excepting Saratoga. I ignore gentility, abominate snobocracy, and am positively delighted with a sensation. This, however, is so seldom found without committing one's self, that it can only be indulged as a great luxury.

That summer I spent at Nahant; and one evening, sitting on the broad piazza, dividing my attentions between my cigar, the crowds who promenaded before me, and the glitter of the sea under a full August moon, I was suddenly aroused from a dreamy, apathetic state by the sound of my name. Had it been my name pronounced in a formal manner, I should perhaps lazily have turned my head; in this case it came to me in a voice calling back all old associations, and coupled with that familiar shortening of the Christian patronymic so pleasant to ears dinned by the lofty-sounding titles of the world. I was on my feet in a moment.

"Charley Curtis, my dear old friend, how glad I am to see you!"

I said nothing but what was literally true. I was glad to see him—intensely glad; and as certainly shocked when I looked upon his handsome face, and saw how changed from the day when I last took his hand and bade him farewell, on the levee at New Orleans, just eight years to a month before.

Charley Curtis and I had been school-mates, college-mates, and traveling-mates; we were brothers in every thing but birth until his marriage, some months previous to the time of our parting, eight years before. We had been constantly together for ten years. It was the dream of my life then that I should spend a few years in a rambling tour through Europe. Charley could not go. The death of his father called him home to the management of a large sugar estate lying on the Mississippi, above New Orleans. It was, however, arranged that I should go home with him and spend a year previous to my departure, that I might be initiated into the mysteries of sugar and negrodom.

Charley's mother, a tall, dark, stern woman, who, without garnering to herself any excess of affection, ruled her children with the decision of a Napoleon, and with quite the same sort of unbending manner generally, carried this power over the death of his father, by holding a life-interest in the entire property, leaving Charley and his child-sister, Josephine, entirely in the hands of their mother with reference to all worldly matters.

A singular year I spent in the South. The home of Charley Curtis was any thing but a home of enjoyment; the iron discipline, the formality, the system, through every walk of the house and plantation, made it rather irksome to a young man of my years, who sought fun in every thing. Many a time and oft did I canvass within myself the propriety of breaking away and commencing my European tour prematurely; but something in Charley's entreating eye softened my resolution, and I remained. We would occasionally diversify our time with little trips to New Orleans, under the plea of business—sometimes created by myself, with which Mrs. Curtis could find no fault; and sometimes by Charley, with which she found a great deal. On some of these trips we carried—as the mother persuaded herself, for a check on ourselves—Miss Josephine, who proved any thing but a check. She was a fine girl of thirteen, and full of mischief as an egg is full of meat. What we did not know in that way Miss Joey stood ready to teach, and the fraternization of the trio was perfect. Ah, those glorious scrabbling days! what have been the wanderings and fêtes since!

It was on one of these trips to New Orleans that Charley first met Marie Dugrayne. A more beautiful little black-eyed creature I have never beheld. I have often thought since that it was well perhaps that Charley loved her as he did, madly, or I should certainly have done so myself. And then— No matter. Marie was of French extraction. She was rich in her own right and by expected inheritance; and, when I first saw her, was as perfect a specimen of seventeen-year-old beauty and childish innocence as ever my eyes beheld. I do not blame Charley Curtis for loving her; it was impossible to look upon her and not do so; but, poor fellow! how well he knew, and how well we all knew, that she was to him only as a myth. Charley was the property of his mother; and that mother had years ago promised Charley in marriage to Darwin Winston, for his daughter Sophia, who would be sole heir to the Winston plantation and three hundred negroes; which plantation, adjoining the Curtis property, would be consummating the ambition of Mrs. Curtis, and complete her worldly happiness. There was no thought in Charley's mind of opposing the desires of his mother; this was so perfectly a chimera that he did not for a moment entertain it. What was his actual idea I never knew. That he loved Marie, and did not Sophia Winston, I could not fail to know. That Marie loved Charley was also palpably certain. It was in my efforts as minister plenipotentiary that I became thoroughly convinced of all these facts, and as entirely devoted to bringing about the right state of affairs at whatever cost. I could see my way clearly in every case but that of Mrs. Curtis. I feared that woman; and, in spite of her being the mother of Charley, I could not like her a bit.

But as a diplomatist I went. I shall never forget the day of my interview with that tall, dark, stately woman. Nothing upheld me through it but my friendship for Charley. How successful should I be if I could but plead for myself as I plead then for my friend! It was all of no avail. My answer was very decided. The lady could not see, firstly, why I should interfere in matters that only concerned the welfare of the family. If Charles had any thing to say, why did he not say it personally? He could certainly have no objection to Miss Winston—either to her beauty, her wealth, or position. Why should he avoid a marriage that would enhance his own importance before the world? In fact, it was her desire and her will that her son Charles should marry Miss Winston; and he did.

I stood with him at the altar when he wedded the bloodless beauty, and shared with her in the admiration which I knew she could not but accord my friend for his person. He was handsome; and Sophia Winston was content that her lands and negroes had bought the finest-looking man in the State of Louisiana.

But I knew all—she knew nothing. She knew not of Marie Dugrayne. I knew, when the ceremony was over, that Charley Curtis came to me, and taking my hand, drew it to his breast, and with one long-drawn inward sob told, without words, all the sacrifices he had made; and I knew with what burning words he bade me go to Marie and tell her, not from him, but from myself, what he would wish her to know, but what he dared not tell. And I went to Marie—save me in all the future from all such missions! Oh! that dear little dark-eyed fairy! Never shall I forget the death-like prostration of all the coming time on that one dream destroyed!

Time went over; Charley and I parted. I had watched his new life for months. I had seen the cold, unimpassioned, but studied attentions he paid his wife; I had watched with a shivering admiration the beautiful courtesy with which Mrs. Charles Curtis met them. It was so perfectly well-bred—a study for a hand-book on etiquette. Charley went no more to New Orleans; Josephine calmed down into a model of quietude; and I, after perfecting myself in the culture of sugar, carried him to the city, the first time since his marriage, and on the levee, one spring morning, I waved him the last adieu that separated us twain until we met again on the hotel stoop at Nahant.

And this is my story of Charley Curtis before that day. I was glad to see him; and if my shake of the hand and squeeze of the old fellow to my heart was any proof, he had it.

"Who was with him? and how came he there? and where had he been? and where was he going? and how was every body?"

"Every body was well who was living. His mother was dead, two years before—died satisfied with herself and all the world, and charging Charley with her last breath always to keep the plantation together. He had been in Paris, had just returned by the Cunard steamer to Boston, and came down there to recruit for a few days. Was going home, and I must and shall go with him, and spend the balance of the summer in Louisiana. His wife was with him, and would join in that request; and also his sister Josephine."

"Josephine! What, little Josephine!"

"Not very little now. My dear fellow, remember that eight years and more have passed since we last met, and little Josephine is now twenty-one."

True. How apt we are to think that time alters none but ourselves! I might have fully understood that by looking at Charley. Eight years had put an unmistakable wrinkle from his eye down. It had marked him with a haggard look, an anxious, wandering expression of eye—that expression borne by a man who has a perpetual master, or who has installed poverty as such.

I was soon in the presence of Mrs. Charles Curtis, who received me with great *empressement*, not rising from the sofa, where she reclined in so beautiful an attitude that I always concluded it must have been studied before the glass, as some men study their pet phrases before that article for retail at private parties; but languidly putting forth two fingers of her left hand, which was the nearest, and smiling through her very beautiful teeth—all done with an air that seemed to say, "How have you been since last week? We were expecting you, and, of course, we must make you think we are glad to see you."

I do not mean to say that Mrs. Charles Curtis meant to convey all this in her manner; but whether she meant it or not, she succeeded in the idea.

And then in a few minutes came Josephine—little Josephine. Heavens! can this be the wild romp of eight years agone I had before me?—a beautiful, dark-eyed, graceful, and subdued woman: all her mother's air, without the sternness. I was preparing, before she came, to meet Miss Josephine with a kiss and embrace, for the sake of old times. But, ah me!—well, I did have the kiss—there's no denying the fact. I offered it; I could do no less. I had kissed Charley on our meeting; why not his sister? But—it was very unsatisfactory. There was a certain condescending old-friendliness about it that was at once flattering and—and—what shall I say?—call it enervating.

The same exact and studied attentions from Charley to his wife, and the same condescending mode of taking them. They behaved precisely like a couple who had been just introduced, and were playing the little pranks which society imperatively demands.

And then Charley told me all the long eight years over. Only one subject on which he did not touch, or when he did, so slightly did his speech fall on it that it merely skimmed. This was his wife. Of all things else he talked. Of Marie he only knew by report. He had not seen her; he rather avoided the opportunity. He never went to New Orleans now but for business. But he had heard of Marie; and in that long three hours we talked over the past Marie came in for nine-tenths of the time; and had I been the lady's biographer I should have wanted no better chronicle of all her ways and movements, her thoughts, her passions, her looks, than Charley Curtis. And yet I was sure, when he told me, that it was the truth he had not seen her since his marriage, nor had he spoken her name, or of her, since last we parted eight years before. And there is no mystery in this. Divide two hearts as you will, still there is a magnetic intelligence through life which, if they were ever *truly* attached, vibrates to the heart and brain of each.

Marie had trembled under the blow; for months she had not been seen in society. Why, the world did not know; but when again she came forth, it was as the matured woman; the full round face was gone, but to its more womanly look was added an intellectuality that well repaid the girlish beauty. Marie had grown taller too. There was always a shade of sadness over her face; in her changed look it had not passed away. She was always a belle, always much sought, and rumor gave her many excellent offers; and the very busy tongue said she refused all with the same cold, decided manner, losing her lovers, but keeping her friends. Marie was well known in any charitable work, and the fever-stricken city knew her steps, and made fresh hope from her presence. And so the world of New Orleans said that Marie would end by becoming a Sister of Mercy and giving all her property to the order. It made little difference to the world of charity save in the possession of her person, for the good Marie gave now the great portion of her income to this end. And so Marie had been going on for eight years. Whether she had cherished the remembrance of Charley Curtis during all that time Charley did not say, and I did not ask; but what Charley did say I can have no reason for withholding. And when he took from the recesses of an inside pocket somewhere in a mysterious portion of his habiliments a pocket-book I remembered to have seen years before, and showed me then and there the few letters he had received from Marie in his happy days, and the glove that I well recollected he carried away with him one particular night, and some other little trifles of the same sort, I was not at all astonished. And though I know the world will think it dreadful, yet I entered fully into Charley's heart, and indorsed the keeping of those little links, which could only bind him in memory with the past, without satisfying his longing spirit, or injuring the peace of the cold and elegant Mrs. Charles Curtis.

And Charley cried, and I indorsed him in this also. I believe in men crying. I believe in men doing any thing womanly. There must be some good heart and good soul beneath it.

We were a week together, and I will venture to say that Mrs. Charles Curtis never had so dangerous a rival near her as myself. She was deserted by Charley, that is, as far as his own exacting disposition would allow him to desert her. In the worst of his neglect he was still her devoted slave, watching her every wish, and following her wants wherever they wandered. It was only on certain occasions Charley excused himself from the parties that were continually projected and carried out; excused himself that he might be with me and talk over the past; and I fancied he brightened under the talk, and the wrinkle seemed to come away from his face. The truth was apparent to my mind that Charley did not look so old by years as he did on the day I first saw him one week before.

Well, they had riding parties, and fishing parties, and sailing parties, and we did our best to make them models of what such parties should be; but sometimes, when we knew the ladies were properly attended without us, we broke away and took those long walks over the beach, or the long smokes on the piazza, and the talk always came round to the same point again; and I am free to confess that I became as fond of the subject as Charley—in fact, I am not sure I was not the first to introduce it.

They had all gone away for a sail round the point. A friend of mine had come up from Newport with his yacht, and the party had been made impromptu. Charley was expecting important letters by that morning's mail, which must be answered immediately; therefore he did not go; and we walked the broad piazza, smoking and talking till the mail came in. There was a shower of letters for all, myself included, and down we sat to realize the contents.

I was wading through a long statement of business matters connected with the settlement of some property then in dispute when I was aroused from my insanity of figures by a long groan. I turned my head to where sat Charley, and I was on my feet in a moment. He was still sitting, and, as I thought at the first glance, dead. His eyes were set, the color had left his lips—his cheeks rarely had any of late, and his hands were clenched, with the letters he had just been reading in them. I sprang to him with a cry of alarm, and in a few minutes, with the aid of the waiters, we had him on his bed. It was momentary. He rallied almost before reaching his room; and when the men who brought him up had gone away he put in my hands a letter. It was from an old and mutual friend in New York, informing Charley, among a parcel of other gossip, that Marie Dugrayne was in New York, where she had come in pursuance of a contract of marriage civilly drawn in Louisiana, to be consummated in New York. There was no mistake in this information. The writer was well acquainted with all parties; had resided in New Orleans until within a couple of years, and had that morning called on Marie, whose beauty and goodness he could not too much praise—not knowing that every word of that letter was to burn in on the brain of his friend. I read the letter in silence. I had no word of consolation—for why should I? Marie was beyond my poor friend on this earth. Why should he mourn that she passed, as he had, into the keeping of another? and why should I condole with him on this event? And yet, I did. It was all wrong, I know; but I am only human, and do not lay claim to any of those saintly characteristics of which I read in romances. And therefore I condoled with Charley; not openly, for nothing could be said openly on such a subject, but in my silent heart; and he knew that it was there, and laid his head against it, and cried into my bosom like a child. I think I did, too, a little.

I spoke to him of Marie, again and again, but there was nothing in response but a moan; and then I knew that the sweet subject on which we had coined so many words in the last week was no longer a passport to Charley's heart, and I was silent. In an hour we were walking again on the piazza. Charley was very pale, and the long wrinkle was there; and more, there was that grayish, contracted, hard set to the mouth, marking a premature age, and which comes all in one moment, but takes years to wear away. Silently we paced backward and forward, and but one sentence was volunteered by Charley. It was, that no mention should be made to Mrs. Curtis of the letter or its effects. I did not need this warning, even were I disposed to speak of it. I knew that the cold beauty would treat the information the same as though it were intelligence of the arrival of some stranger, or any other equally common report. What her after-action may have been was always to me the mystery of Mrs. Charles Curtis.

We were expecting the little vessel up. It was almost dinner-time, and they were to be home by dinner. A storm was coming up too, out of the westward, with rain, and their farther delay would give them a chance for a wetting.

We did not have long to wait: the yacht came slowly round the point with but little wind. She would have it soon, however—too much of it we feared, if that cloud spoke aright that was now coming over from the west. We stood watching the yacht, and wondering why they were not reefed in anticipation of the storm. Almost opposite she was to the house when the cloud broke upon the water. The little vessel staggered for a moment, and then, before she could get headway to be brought up in the wind, we saw her go over. It was plain before us. All that deck-load of happy pleasure-seekers were instantly struggling in the water. How Charley and I got off that piazza I have never been able to tell to this day. Off it we got though, hatless, and in our slippers, and away to the shore. The rain by this time was pouring in torrents, and the wind blowing a hurricane. I looked up the long line of shore as we jumped into one of the fishing-yawls, and saw a score of boats putting out in all directions. I think my strength was superhuman, and so was Charley's. If ever I saw a desperate man it was then, in that boat, calling upon me every moment, with a scream that pierced me through, "to pull." We did pull. With the long fish-boats, manned by strong and steady arms, for our rivals, we were still first in the race, and the bow of our little yawl struck the side of the capsized vessel nearly one hundred yards in advance of all others. One of the first brought into the boat, insensible, was Josephine. There was no time now for restoratives—the struggling people in the water were crying to us in one voice. In a few moments we were joined by the other boats, and all were rescued. All? No, not all—the owner of the yacht and Mrs. Curtis were missing. It was a short tale. Mrs. Curtis had not been seen since the first upsetting, and the owner of the yacht had been swept away with the tide, without it being in the power of any of the rest to aid him. I think Charley did not realize it at first. He stood upright in the boat, staring around in the faces of all, and then, with one long, sobbing moan, he sank down beside Josephine, and we carried both ashore, and to the hotel, in the same deathly trance.

The next day and Josephine was able to share my care of Charley. The poor fellow lay speechless—more, in appearance, like a dead man than a living one. He moaned through the long night but moved not, and our medical attendants gave little hope that Charley Curtis would ever regain his mind. Something instinctively told me this would not be so, and I looked forward to the time when I should hail my friend again as he was in days of old. All sorrows must in time cry themselves asleep.

The second day after the upsetting of the yacht the body of Mrs. Curtis was found many miles from the spot of the accident, and placed in a vault preparatory to removal to her late home. All this was arranged by my orders. I saw the body after it was laid in the coffin, as calm and as coldly beautiful in death as in life; and on her bosom I laid one white rose—a type of herself, and a silent homage from my own heart.

And now I am about to tell a portion of my story for which I shall be called unfeeling and worldly. I am willing to bear the stigma. It has always been my rule in life that the end justifies the means. And if all the world stopped to study how some great purpose was to be achieved, instead of taking such means as lay in their power to achieve it, small indeed would be the result. What would be base and unfeeling in our own individual cases, and for our own individual benefits, may be perfectly allowable when executed for the benefit of our friends, especially when done without their connivance.

And of this nature was my act. While Charley lay senseless upon the bed, and I in attendance upon my friend, I opened correspondence with New York, that I might learn from there all the particulars regarding the marriage of Marie Dugrayne. It came to me from certain quarters. On the eighth of the following month, just twenty days away, she was to be married. I knew the husband that was to be well: a merchant who had for many years been largely operating in New Orleans and New York, an old friend of Marie's father, and immensely wealthy; double her age, and, I was about to say, half her size; I will qualify it by saying that Mr. John Thompson Hemphill weighed about ninety pounds, and measured five feet four inches precisely. Something there was in this marriage more than I knew. I could see no handle but through the influence of Marie's father, who was with her in New York, and who certainly favored the match, if he did not urge it.

I must go to New York.

And to New York I went. It may be followed as a certainty I was not long in calling upon Marie. Ah, what a change had the eight years made in her! I was prepared, from what Charley had said, for an alteration, but not of the nature I now beheld. When I last saw Marie she was but little more than a child emerging to the woman, half a romp, with her great black eyes sparkling and snapping at every little excitement. Now I had before me a graceful, dark, spiritual woman. A strong shade of habitual sadness was on her face, and a quiet, subdued air in her slightest movement. I stood an instant looking at her before I advanced. She held my card in her hand, but it was plain to me immediately that she did not recall the name. I said,

"You do not remember me?"

"I do not," she answered.

I said something of New Orleans, and eight years ago, and the light broke upon her suddenly. A flush spread over her face, and she came quickly forward and took my hand.

"You are the friend of Mr. Charles Curtis?"

I was startled; I did not expect the mention of his name.

"I am proud to be his friend, mademoiselle; he is a noble fellow. I have only just left him."

"Only just left him!" she said, in an astonished tone. "I thought he was in Europe?"

"He was, but is now at Nahant, where I left him three days since. My friend has just suffered a great loss in the death of his wife." I watched her then for the effect, but it did not answer my expectations. There was a slight trembling and compression of the lip, and a closing of the eye for an instant, and then she said, in a steady voice, as though repeating my words,

"In the death of his wife! Yes, it is a great loss—to him a great loss."

What must I do or say? Must I go off on indifferent subjects, resign my diplomacy, and wend my way back with my mission unaccomplished, or should I dash out at once upon broader ground, and bear down every opposition? Either all Charley's information was false, or all my proceedings were.

"Mr. Curtis," I resumed, "feels the shock severely. I left him prostrated on the day I came away, as I believe dying." I gave way to this diplomatic falsehood on the same principle that the physician gives the greater shock to overcome the lesser.

"Dying!" she said, with vehemence.

"Or worse," I answered, calmly.

"What do you mean, Sir, by worse? You are speaking to me in mystery. Can there be any thing worse than death?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; insanity. My poor friend received, but a few hours previous to the death of his wife, the intelligence of your coming marriage. The first shock unsettled my friend, the second prostrated him, and I left him helpless, without motion, that I might come to you, mademoiselle, and tell you all this. Does not your own heart know why?"

She had risen from her seat and walked across the room, and addressed me, leaning her head upon the edge of the mantle.

"My marriage could make no difference to Mr. Charles Curtis. By his own act we have been dead to each other for years."

"Not by his own act," I answered.

"I repeat, by his own act," she said, turning to me as she spoke. "Can you attempt to persuade me, Sir, that one can be married without their own free-will and consent?"

"Your own case," I ventured. Her eyes flashed for a moment with some of the old fire of eight years agone, and walking back again to her seat she said, as she took it,

"It is my own act, by my own will and consent."

And then I drew my chair close to her, and forgetting the eight years that had passed away, and only remembering poor Charley as he lay in his agony on that day when the great trouble fell upon him, I spoke to her as I would have spoken to the little Marie of old times. I told all Charley's struggles and his love, how he had bent to the wish of his mother, and sacrificed himself, while his life lay with Marie; how he had lived on those eight years cherishing the memory of her through all, and never breathing it to any. And then I told of our meeting and our talks, and of the letters, and of the glove, and of the news of her marriage, and of its effect. And she listened, while her cheeks grew pale and her eyes dim. And she only said,

"Too late, too late!"

"Not too late. His life, more than his life, hangs on this. Not too late!"

"Too late!"

I had exhausted my power, and she stood before me claiming that her marriage was her own act, and that all intervention was too late. What could I do? I must bring Charley. Dead or alive I must bring Charley.

I returned to Nahant, and found him improving and conscious; he greeted me, and they said had been inquiring for me at intervals for two days.

I told him he must rally, that I had important business for him in New York, in which he could serve me deeply, and that the change of scene was necessary for him. He looked at me steadily, but it was certain that he gathered nothing from my face. I have lived too long in society to be betrayed by so weak a tell-tale. I saw in an instant Charley was a babe in my hands. I would use him gently, but he must obey. And that darling little Josephine too, what an aid to all my plans! She was my prime minister. Be assured I had taken her into my confidence immediately on my return. She was clear-headed and reliant; she believed in the never-dying passion of her sex. She augured the ultimate success of all. But she had not seen that resolute woman as I had, when the "Too late!" was pronounced. I would go on: I should be a bad attorney if I abandoned my cause now. On would I go, even though I thought it hopeless.

And so, on the following day, we were speeding toward New York as fast as steam could carry us. We were there; but what next? I had no plan of action, and my brain suggested none. It was requisite we should have rest for Charley. Instead, therefore, of taking him to a hotel, we established ourselves at a quiet house in the upper part of the city, kept by a lady-like, unassuming woman, who had once been very pretty, and who was known as a widow and Mrs. Fields. Mrs. Fields had two nice blue-eyed children, whom she kept superfluously clean, and between whom and myself a fraternization commenced almost immediately. I am not so perfectly *blazé* as to affect not to like children. The true way to the mother's heart is through that of her child, and so I found with Mrs. Field. There was nothing she would not have done for us before we had been three days in the house. She even gave me her confidence so far as to tell me she was not a widow, and would perhaps have told me more had I encouraged the revelation. But as I could not see exactly how the confidence was to benefit either party, I declined. With the children I had confidences of all sorts, from geometrical instructions in the building a kite to the price per pound of mixed candies.

And all this time the hours and days that were so valuable to my friend were passing away, and he talking of his ability to push his way on home, while Josephine in every look said, "What are you doing?" I was doing nothing. I could do nothing. Again I had called on Marie. Again I had offered the subject, coupling it with the information that Charley was in New York, and again I had been repulsed; but oh! what a change was there in that struggling woman, struggling against her own heart, and against her life, within the single week since I had seen her last. There had come back to her face that same expression of vacuity and dread that I had seen on the day when eight years before I had borne to her at New Orleans the news of Charley's marriage. How much I would have said to her on this interview I know not, had she but have allowed me to break the first ground. I did not get so far even. By her positive and express commands the subject was debarred. And to my great entreaty that she would see Charley, the answer was only "No! Too late."

And so came on the day she was to be married. On the morning of that day I sat in my room trying to compose myself, as a man may be supposed to compose himself who knows that all the best hopes of his life are slipping from under him, and striving to listen to the talk and play of the two children who were for the hour domiciled in my room with a new box of toys which I had the day before added to their stock in trade. Master Johnny, the eldest, cast furtive glances occasionally at myself. It was plain to his perception that something troubled me; and there was doubtless, in his little mind, a perfect willingness to alleviate it, even to the surrender of his toys. He came slowly to my knee and, looking up in my face, said,

"Don't you want to play?"

I said I did not want to play, and Master Johnny was still more dissatisfied. He followed it up with,

"You have been good to me, haven't you?"

And then he seemed buried in thought, which was well for me; for, though a simple question, yet, like many simple things, hard to solve. Again he burst forth with,

"I'll tell you something, but you mustn't tell ma; will you?"

I thought Master Johnny was about to make me the confidant of some of his youthful peccadilloes, and I promised, therefore, that I would not tell ma.

"My name isn't Fields," whispered Master Johnny, mysteriously.

"No," said I, before I thought; "what is it, then?"

"John Thompson Hemphill," said Master John, still more mysteriously.

Had Master Johnny pulled a six-pounder from his pocket and sent a ball of that dimension through me, I hardly think I could have jumped more decidedly than I did at the mention of that name.

I repeated it after him, and he nodded affirmatively, and added,

"Don't tell ma, and I'll show you my pa's likeness."

I told Master Johnny that I should feel interested in looking at it, and I think I told the truth. In a few minutes he put in my hand an ambrotype, which I opened. It was the very same; but what was the meaning of this? The man certainly could not have one wife and be seeking another; and yet, by Master Johnny's declaration, he was his father. And that quiet little woman down stairs had plainly informed me she was not a widow, but, at the same time, she had not declared she was a wife.

The prohibition Master Johnny had lain upon my secrecy must be withdrawn, and I must go to the young gentleman's ma. This was soon arranged by the bribe of half a dollar, and a pledge to hold him free of all punishment for his violation of commands, and in a few minutes I found myself closeted with Mrs. Fields, from whom, after a series of faints and tears, I received the following narration:

Ten years before, when a young and friendless girl, she had met Hemphill, who, under a promise of marriage, had carried her to New Orleans, where she had lived with him several years. They had then returned to New York, where Hemphill had gradually become estranged, though never neglecting to provide for her and his children. Within a few months he had proposed to her, for what reason she did not know, on condition of her dropping from herself and the children his name, to settle upon her the house in which she now resided, with one thousand dollars per annum for herself and half that sum for each of the children. Which proposition she had accepted, determined to live quietly and smother her trouble before the world. To me only had she opened her heart. And now, though she did not fear Hemphill's revenge as far as regarded the recall of the property, this being unchangeably settled, yet she did fear his personal enmity when he came to know, if he did know, that she had made this revelation.

I pledged myself to Mrs. Fields that no harm of whatever nature should befall her. And then I considered how all this discovery could aid our cause. I must call in Josephine to my counsel. They were to be married in church at three o'clock; it was now twelve. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. And still I floundered in the dark. This woman and her children had no legal claim on Mr. John Thompson Hemphill, and he undoubtedly knew that well. The pride, perhaps, of Marie would make her break the marriage could this come to her ears; but it was too late now: it could not reach her. And then came a suggestion from Josephine, "Let us take the children, and, going to the church, leave to fortune the rest."

And so we did; though I think Mrs. Fields looked suspiciously on Josephine and myself when we proposed that the little ones should ride with us. It was too soon after our late conversation to be a mere casual thing in her mind. I did not think much of Mrs. Fields's suspicions if we could but compass our end.

We were in church in good time. The wedding cortége had not yet arrived, and we secured an eligible position. It came sweeping up the aisle in a few moments, the little groom looking still smaller by the side of his pale and beautiful bride. We had trouble to keep the children quiet. Miss Nelly, whom I have not yet introduced, a little woman of five, burst out, as the cortége approached the altar, with an audible "My pa!" She was checked immediately, but added, in a demonstrative way, "But it is!" The service went on until it came to "And if any here know just cause or impediment," etc., when I felt that the time had come. I was no longer attorney for Charley; I was retained in the cause of the little ones by my side, and so I held up Miss Nelly and said, "Here is one who forbids."

Every eye in that church was turned on the little one, and when the first rustle of the turning was over, I asked Miss Nelly, *sotto voce*, who that was, and she answered so that she could be heard in the farthest corner of that church, "My pa!"

I could glance in an instant through those faces, and see that the sympathy was with the child. And then I looked at Hemphill; there was nothing of the angel there. He felt that the position was bad, and that this was no place to explain it. I put the little one down and bade her go to her father and kiss him. I think had it not been for the people in that church Hemphill would have kicked his child, or some other equally absurd act. As it was, he raised her mechanically as she came to his side and kissed her.

It is useless to prolong this description. The children were a death-blow to the proceeding of the ceremony. There was some hurried whispering, in which Marie took no part, and the party returned to their carriages.

How it occurred at this moment I can not tell, but upon the sidewalk Marie stepping in front of me, I took her hand and in a moment she was in our carriage. I think it must have been by her consent—in fact, I am sure it was. I spoke quick to the coachman, and said,

"Drive fast home."

And we bore away with us the bride, all in her bridal array. And at Mrs. Fields's house it was all told. And there Marie met Charley the first time in all those long eight years. And—oh! I can not tell all that was said and all that was done; but before night I bore the truant bride to her father, and I thought, though she was pale, that she looked handsomer than I had yet seen her. And how it all came about I do not exactly remember, but that day week we married Hemphill to Mrs. Fields, as I shall still call her. Josephine was bridesmaid, I was groomsman, and Charley gave away the bride. Good people, do not hold up your hands in holy horror at all this, for worse is to come.

We all returned to New Orleans together. And that twelvemonth there was a double wedding: Marie and Charley, and Josephine and myself.

And why not?

A RUSSIAN WOLF-HUNT.

A DISTINGUISHED French writer, who has recently visited Russia, gives the following graphic description of a wolf-hunt—a sport necessary in that country to keep down an animal dangerous, from its numbers, to human life:

At an advanced period of winter, when the wolves become ferocious for want of food, three or four hunters, each possessed of a light double-barreled gun, take their places in what is called a troika—a species of drosky—drawn by three horses, from which, and not from its shape, it gets its name. The horse in the middle is trained to run at a trot, and the other two (on its right and left) never quit the gallop. The former trots with his head low, and is called the Snow-eater; the other two prance with their heads loose, and are named the Furies. The whole equipment, thus directed in its course, presents the appearance of a fan. A driver who can be well relied on conducts the troika.

To the back of the carriage a young hog is attached by a cord, or, for more security, by a chain, between three and four feet in length. It is quietly taken in the vehicle to the entrance of the forest where the chase is to proceed; there it is put on the ground, and the driver incites the horses, which start off at a trot and gallop respectively, as we have mentioned; while the hog, little used to such an amusement, raises a cry which soon degenerates into what may be called a lamentation. At this noise the nearest wolf shows its nose, and sets itself to pursue the hog, soon followed by two, then by three, and ultimately, it may be, by fifty of its brethren. They all make a claim for the poor hog, and fight among themselves to get at it; some of them stretching out to it a blow of their claws, and others endeavoring to bite it. The lamentations of the poor animal pass into cries of despair, which arouse the wolves in the deepest recesses of the forest; they presently congregate from three leagues round, and the troika is pursued by a whole troop of them.

Then it is that the urgent need of a good driver is apparent. The horses, which have an instinctive horror for the wolves, become intractable; the trotter in the middle tries to gallop, and the gallopers to get the bit between their teeth. During all this time the hunters fire at random, there being no need to take aim. The hog cries, the horses neigh, the wolves howl, and the guns fire, producing a hideous concert among them. The equipage, the hunters, the hog, the troop of wolves, are involved in a whirlwind which scatters the snow all around, and looks like a cloud in a storm darting thunder and lightning.

If the driver is master of the horses, wild as they may be, all goes well; but should he lose command of them, or should the harness slip, or the troika be overset, it is all over. Next day, two days, or eight days after, the *débris* of the vehicle is discovered, with the guns, the carcasses of the horses, and the large bones of the hunters and of the driver.

Last winter Prince R—— undertook one of these hunts, and it had nearly proved his last. He was, along with two friends at one of his estates, which borders on a wilderness, and they resolved to have a chase of the wolves, or rather, it may be said, to be chased by them. A large sledge was got ready, in which three persons could move at ease; three strong horses were yoked to it, and it was intrusted to a driver of great experience—a native of the district. Each hunter had a pair of double-barreled guns and five hundred ball-cartridges, and their places were so taken that the prince looked to the back, and his friends each to a side of the sledge.

At night they arrived at the ground—an immense desert covered with snow. The full moon shone brightly, and its rays, refracted by the white surface, spread a light like that of day. The hog was attached, and the train started. Finding itself drawn on in spite of its efforts, it raised a cry, whereupon some wolves appeared; not many at first, timid also, and keeping at a great distance. Gradually their numbers increased, and they approached the hunters, who commenced by giving their troika an ordinary motion, notwithstanding the trembling impatience of the horses. About twenty wolves came up, when the party found themselves near enough to begin the massacre. Off went a shot, and a wolf fell; the whole band appeared to get alarmed, and diminished in number by about a half. In fact, contrary to the general belief that wolves do not feed on one another, seven or eight starving ones had stopped behind to devour their dead companion; but the vacancy was soon supplied. On all sides howling replied to howling, and all round were seen pointed noses and eyes sparkling like carbuncles. The animals were within gunshot, and the hunters made a running fire; but though every shot took effect, the band, so far from being diminished, rather got larger. It soon ceased to be a band, and became a troop, the close ranks of which pressed on the hunters. Their course was so rapid that they seemed to fly on the snow, and so lightly as not to make the smallest noise. Like a flowing tide they approached unceasingly, and did not retreat before the fire of the three hunters, well kept up as it was. They formed an immense crescent at the back of the troika, the two horns of which began to get in advance of the horses, and the number increased so rapidly, that it actually seemed as if they sprung out of the ground. There was something fantastic in their appearance, and it became quite impossible to count the numbers now showing themselves in a desert where it was in general difficult to see more than two or three in a day. The hog had ceased to cry, and had been taken again into the sledge, where its cries recommencing, redoubled the boldness of the wolves. The firing did not cease, and half the ammunition was now expended. There remained, perhaps, about two hundred balls. The two horns of the crescent got nigher and nigher, and threatened the formation of a circle, inclosing sledge, horses, and hunters.

Should any one of the horses fall, all would be over; and, already terrified, they seemed to breathe fire, and pranced most furiously and wildly.

"What think you of this, Ivan?" said the prince to his driver.

"Why, I don't much like it, prince."

"Are you afraid of any thing?"

"The wolves have tasted blood, and the longer you keep firing the more will their number increase."

"What do you advise?"

"If you will allow it, prince, I shall slacken the bridle of my horses."

"Are you sure of them?"

"I shall answer for them."

"And will you answer for us too?"

Ivan made no reply, it being evident that he did not wish to commit himself. He slackened the bridle, directing at the same time the heads of the horses toward the prince's château; and the noble animals, feeling themselves as if loosened from the vehicle, goaded by terror, redoubled their speed. The space seemed literally to become annihilated before their desperate efforts. Ivan urged them still farther by a sharp whistle, while they at the same time described a curve which cut off one of the corners of the horn. Happily, the wolves opened to let the horses pass, and the hunters were preparing for further operations, when the driver exclaimed, "For your lives, don't fire!" They obeyed. The wolves, perplexed by this unexpected manœuvre, remained for a moment undecided; and during this instant the troika gained a considerable distance. When the wolves resumed the pursuit it was too late, they could not overtake the vehicle. A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of their château.

Next morning the prince visited the scene of his exploits, when he found the carcasses of more than two hundred wolves.

THE GREAT EAST INDIAN DOCTOR.

EVERY body has heard of the famous quack whose sands of life were fast running out, and who hastened to communicate to suffering humanity, for something like a shilling, an infallible panacea which he had accidentally discovered during his travels in the East Indies. The accompanying portrait is *not* that of the gentleman in question. It is, however, a likeness of a very famous physician, whose name is Vries, whose native country is Java, and whose extraordinary cures have already won for him a world-wide fame.

Dr. Vries is, probably, the son of a rich native of Java. In early youth he was sent to Holland to study medicine. He was distinguished at the colleges in that country as a student of remarkable promise, and advantageous offers were made him to remain in Europe. He, however, persisted in returning home, where he remained several years.

His story is, that during that period he devoted himself to a study of the remedial qualities of those East Indian herbs and plants which are not included in the *materia medica;* and that, after many experiments, he made some remarkable discoveries.

At all events, after an absence of some years, he reappeared in Paris, and announced himself as prepared to cure various diseases which the faculty at present confess to be beyond their skill. Among these was encephaloid cancer. It so happened that the famous musician and musical instrument-maker, Adolf Sax, was suffering from cancer of the lip, which the Paris doctors could not cure. By some means or other the Black Doctor obtained access to him, and cured him. This success, as was natural, made no small stir among the physicians of Paris; one of them, not the least eminent—M. Velpeau—refused to join in the cry of quack, and actually opened the wards of his hospital—*La Charité*—to the stranger. We hear that he has effected some extraordinary cures there, and that his private practice is already enormous.

The following anecdote concerning him is amusing. We find it in the correspondence of the *Express:*

It appears that the Javanese is quite an original character, and holds in contempt—which he does not attempt to conceal—the professional resources of his Parisian contemporaries. He is said lately to have given utterance to a challenge, in broken French, which significantly embodies his views of our greatest doctors.

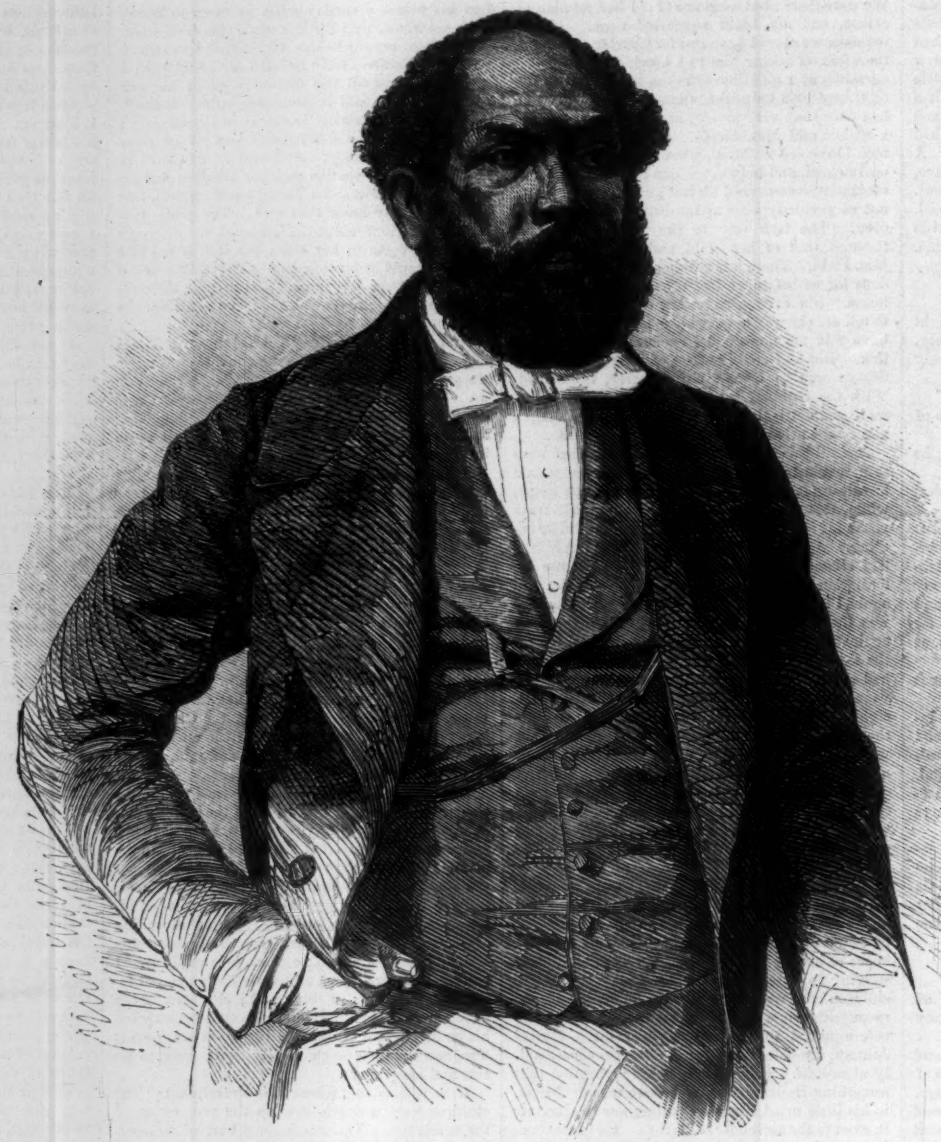
"I will go some day," says the East Indian, "to find Nelaton, Velpeau, Ricord; I will take them in a carriage with me to the Garden of Plants"—the Zoological Gardens of Paris.

"Bring here boa, bring cobra capella, bring rattlesnake—ugh!

"When three terrible serpents come, I say to three great doctors, 'Take off coat and show arm.' I say to boa, 'Bite Ricord!' I say to rattlesnake, 'Bite Velpeau!' Once bite, they all swell up and die. Me give arm to three serpents, and say, 'Bite!' But I not swell—I not die; for I pour on arm little vial—antidote—I cured!"

It is doubtful whether the three princes of science to whom the Black Doctor (as he is called) offers this challenge will be tempted to accept it, only to establish his triumph. Nor will they be likely to consent, even if the latter should modify his proposition so far as to submit his own arm to the serpents first; but certain it is, pleasantry apart, one fact fills the attention of all who witness the proceedings of this strange personage: he has indubitably cured Sax of a malady which has never been known to forgive. Those who know the circumstances exclaim, "A miracle!"

If the Black Doctor can really cure cancer, he will deserve and will obtain a reputation and a fortune superior to those of any of his compeers in any part of the world.



THE GREAT JAVANESE DOCTOR.

HOW TO GET TO PIKE'S PEAK GOLD MINES.

IN Lieutenant G. K. Warren's recent report of the topographical survey of the Territory of Nebraska, speaking of the southwestern portion in connection with the Pacific Railroad, he says: "These regions will yet be inhabited by civilized men, and the communications with the East will require roads, independent of the wants of an interior overland route to the Pacific;" "and should gold be discovered there in valuable quantities, as there have been found indications, this result may be much nearer than we anticipate." This result has taken place. Gold has already been discovered in valuable quantities, from Cherry Creek to more than one hundred miles north of Fort Laramie, on nearly all the streams heading in the Rocky Mountains and Black Hills. Hundreds are even now wintering in this region, from Utah, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri; and thousands from California, and all parts of the North, East, and South will concentrate there early in the coming season. Measures are already in progress to organize immediately a new Territory west of Nebraska and Kansas. A Representative has been chosen by the miners, now in Washington for this purpose.

The respectability and amount of testimony as to the wealth and extent of the gold region admits of no doubt; and the shortest and quickest approach to the mines, from different points, becomes a question of immediate importance.

From California and Utah the route will, of course, be through the Cheyenne, or South Pass. To parties residing east of Nebraska and Kansas the accompanying map will render the following explanation clear. The mining region has been but partially explored; but so far as prospected the richest deposits are on the forks of the Platte, Cherry Creek, and Medicine Bow rivers, and all Laramie Plains—which Plains lie between the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains, and alone cover an area of some five hundred square miles. The only Post-office point at present for this is Fort Laramie.

Fort Kearney is a little south of east of Fort Laramie, and distant from it three hundred and seven miles. Any approach to the mines lying north of Cherry Creek from the East, between Leavenworth and Sioux City, should make first for Fort Kearney, and thence by the north side of the Platte, because, as stated by Lieutenant Warren, "any route that takes the south side of the Platte has the south fork to cross at a point where bridging it or establishing a ferry is at this time impracticable. The road there, along the north fork, has bad places at Ash Hollow and Scott's Bluffs. The route by the north side of the Platte is, therefore, of particular value, especially for early travel in the spring, when the streams are generally high."

Starting from Kansas City, the shortest overland route to the nearest mines is seven hundred and forty miles, part of which may be traveled by stage semi-monthly; but miners choosing this route had better start with their own teams. Proceeding by the Missouri River to Leavenworth, the distance from that point to Fort Kearney is three hundred and nineteen miles. There is no stage on this route. Proceeding to St. Joseph, either by the river or the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, the distance from that point to Fort Kearney is three hundred and thirty-seven miles. There is a weekly stage running from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney—fare, fifty dollars; time, seven to eight days.

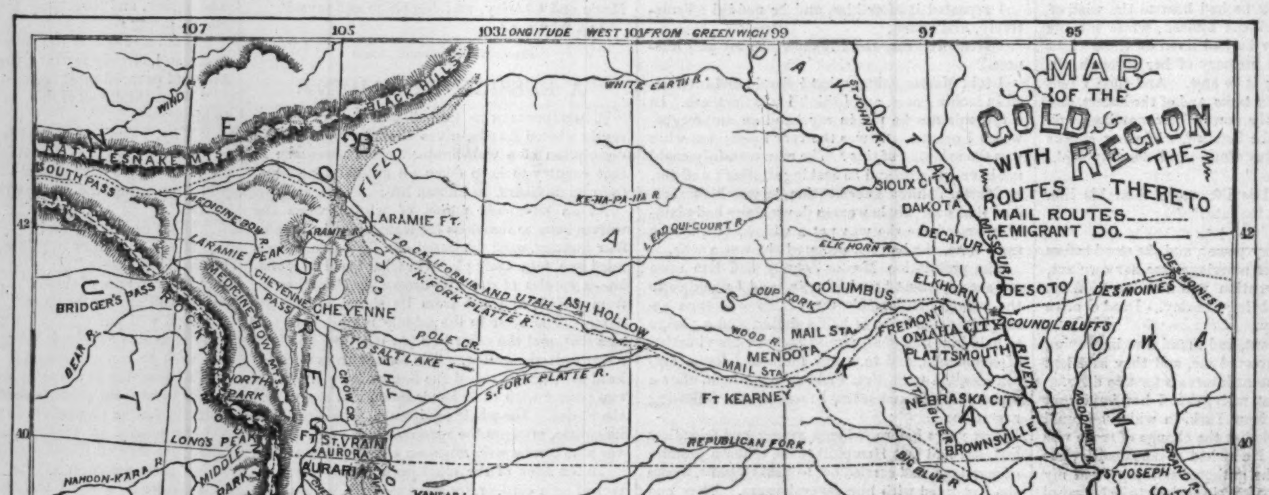
Starting from Nebraska City, which may be reached either by stage across Iowa or by daily boats on the Missouri River, the distance to Fort Kearney is two hundred and fifty miles. A monthly stage runs on this route to Fort Kearney—fare, forty dollars.

Starting from Council Bluffs and Omaha, which points are reached either by daily stage across Iowa or daily boats up the Missouri River, the distance to Fort Kearney is one hundred and eighty-three miles. A mail-stage runs from the last-named point to Fort Kearney tri-weekly—fare, twenty-five dollars; time, three to four days. This line and the line from St. Joseph unite at Fort Kearney, and from that point runs weekly to Fort Laramie, which is within the gold regions.

The usual overland emigrant route for Utah and California, from the East, now mostly crosses Iowa, and strikes the Missouri River at Council Bluffs, where there is the best ferry on the Missouri River north of its mouth; and thus reaching Omaha, start at once on the old Mormon trail and the central route for the Pacific Railroad, which all recognize as the most feasible from the Missouri River to the Mountains, and of which Lieutenant Warren, in the report of his topographical survey, thus speaks: "Of all the valleys of rivers running into the Missouri, that of the Platte furnishes the best route for any kind of a road leading to the interior, and the best point for starting is Omaha City. An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars has been expended on bridges, etc., on the eastern portion of it, and the only important improvement remaining to make it far superior to any route on the south side of the Platte is the establishment of a good crossing of Loup Fork, either by bridge or ferry.

The stage routes referred to will, probably, be made daily the coming season; they certainly will from Omaha to Fort Kearney, and probably to Fort Laramie. The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad will be finished early in the spring. A line of first-class packets will ply daily between St. Louis and St. Joseph, and Council Bluffs and Omaha. An outfit for the mines, with tools, and provisions for six months, will cost from fifty to sixty dollars.—Miners going in company can economize by joining and purchasing a team of either oxen or mules, which, with all other necessary outfit, can be had at fair rates at any of the points estimated above as points of starting. The region about the mines is well adapted to agriculture, but for the coming season provisions must be provided in advance.

From present appearances, the rush to Pike's Peak will be tremendous.


MAP OF THE GOLD REGION WITH THE ROUTES THERETO
MAIL ROUTES
EMIGRANT DO.
107
105
103 LONGITUDE WEST 101 FROM GREENWICH 99
97
95
42
40
38
30
28
26 LONGITUDE WEST 24 FROM WASHINGTON 22
20
18
WIND R.
RATTLESNAKE MTS.
SOUTH PASS
MEDICINE BOW R.
LARAMIE PEAK
LARAMIE R.
BLACK HILLS
GOLD FIELD
LARAMIE FT.
TO CALIFORNIA AND UTAH
ASH HOLLOW
N. FORK PLATTE R.
BRIDGER'S PASS
CHEYENNE PASS
CHEYENNE
MEDICINE BOW MTS.
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
BEAR R.
POLE CR.
TO SALT LAKE
S. FORK PLATTE R.
CROW CR.
NORTH PARK
LONG'S PEAK
FT. ST. VRAIN
AURORA
AURARIA
CHERRY CR.
BEAVER CR.
NAHDON-KARA R.
MIDDLE PARK
SOUTH PARK
PIKE'S PEAK
KANSAS L.
SANDY FORK
GOOCHATOPE PASS
PUEBLO
BENTS FT.
OLD FT. ATKINSON
NEW MEXICO
UTAH
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
DAKOTA
IOWA
MISSOURI
WHITE EARTH R.
KE-HA-PA-HA R.
LEAD QUI-COURT R.
ST. JOHNS R.
SIOUX CITY
DAKOTA
DECATUR
ELK HORN R.
ELKHORN
COLUMBUS
LOUP FORK
DESOTO
DES MOINES
DES MOINES R.
MAIL STA.
WOOD R.
FREMONT
OMAHA CITY
COUNCIL BLUFFS
MENDOTA
PLATTSMOUTH
MISSOURI RIVER
FT KEARNEY
NEBRASKA CITY
LT. BLUE R.
BROWNSVILLE
NODAWAY R.
REPUBLICAN FORK
BIG BLUE R.
ST JOSEPH
GRAND R.
KANSAS CITY
LEAVENWORTH
WYANDOT
INDEPENDENCE
MANHATTAN
SOLOMONS FORK
FT. RILEY
LECOMPTON
DOUGLAS
LAWRENCE
WESTPORT
LEXINGTON
SMOKY HILL FORK
TO SANTA FE
FT. ATKINSON
ARKANSAS R.
OSAGE R.

MAP OF THE ROUTE TO PIKE'S PEAK.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Govt in Paris—A Grand Dinner at Madame F——'s—Ill-breeding of French Military Men—Contrast with American and English Officers—The late General Thomas—How French Officers treat pékins—*An Insolent Colonel—How Ladies are Dressing in Paris—The New Belle, Mrs. St. I——se—Fancy Balls at Madame Foulds's—Madame Morny's Louis Quinze Ball—Countess Walewski's* Bal Costumé—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, etc., etc.*

Paris, *March* 3, 1859.

I am glad enough to be well again in this jolly Carnival time! Paris is a miserable place in which to be sick or sorry at any time; and certainly the gout might wait for Lent. I know nothing more trying than to be compelled to listen, alone and suffering, to the distracting roar of the carriages which are conveying others to scenes of pleasure and amusement, which, though we may know them to be only the same thing repeated over and over again, yet when we are deprived of them—by the usual rule of contrary of human nature—our imagination directly invests them with ideal delights and superior attractions. No; choose some other abode than Paris when not prepared to rush on with others in the eager pursuit of trifles; and here certainly it does not do to be

"Too wise or good
For human nature's daily food."

These were my reflections when, after a week of chicken-broth and gruel, I found myself complacently seated at the munificent board of Madame F—— at a seven o'clock dinner, with an evening visit and two balls upon my conscience later. There were twelve other guests—some pleasant enough in themselves, and others furnishing matter for pleasant comment. From some accident of acquaintance there was present at this dinner a Colonel in the French army. It seldom happens that one meets French military men in society, as they in most instances rise from the ranks; and as they *marry* in their humbler days, if they themselves are presentable their wives are not.

This seems strange at first to American and English ideas, as in both these countries military men are among the most highly educated and influential members of society, and, as such, universally sought and welcomed. What country can show gentlemen superior in all that adorns and dignifies our common humanity to those which our Military Academy at West Point has produced? If I may not be permitted to name living examples of this fact, affectionate remembrance may be allowed to dwell for an instant on the departed—the accomplished soldiers and Christians whom I have known and deplored. There was poor Swift, who died so bravely doing his duty in the Mexican war; Brown, whose attainments and virtues were acknowledged and valued by strangers as well as his own countrymen; and that most amiable man, General Thomas, who died in this city last spring. I remember an Englishman of rank and fastidious requirement meeting the latter once at my house, and telling me afterward:

"Now that is my preconceived idea of an American gentleman; if all were like that, simple and self-respecting in manner, I should enjoy their society."

Alas, poor Thomas! how I liked and trusted him!

But I must return to my subject. French military men give me the idea of being mere machines; brave enough, as we all know, but so contracted in ideas, and yet with such an overweening self-conceit. Their manner with men, particularly those of other nations, is offensive enough, being that of a twirling-the-mustache knock-you-down sort of ferocity, which will not admit of any thing like argument or discussion in conversation; but with women they are even more odious, always selecting the prettiest present (which is perhaps a soldier's privilege), and then giving her such glances, as much as to say,

"You are charming, my dear, and I know you think *I* am; and you only want time and encouragement to tell me so!"

I have been led into these remarks by thinking how the French Colonel spoiled our dinner-party, contradicting and almost quarreling with a courteous Englishman present, which alarmed that person's pretty little wife almost as much as the indecent ogling of her white shoulders by the same potent man of war continued to do after his ill-bred pugnacity had been suppressed by the silence around him. I did not allow the Frenchman's ill-breeding to spoil my appetite, though it evidently did that of the young Englishman; but it made me hurry off to fulfill my other engagements more willingly than I might otherwise have done.

More balls—more gilded salons, more music and flowers, smiling hostesses and women who look pretty, because so well dressed. Meet them the next day in the Bois de Boulogne and you can with difficulty believe that the yellow, grim, or insignificant face which nods to you from a passing carriage, is that of the nymph whose raven locks and flashing eyes seemed at the ball last night to have as much to do with captivating your thoughts as her floating robes of white crape, and the wreath of roses red which bound her graceful head. Not that French women, in these days, ever condescend to what are commonly called the *arts* of the toilet. They never use rouge, they leave that to actresses; nor do they color their hair. They think, wisely, that nature understands all that best; but to be *well dressed* they consider an equivalent for beauty, as is shown by the universal expression of "How beautiful you are!" when "What a pretty gown you have!" is all that is meant. But in the morning they certainly do not look well, however got up, and here the English race have the advantage. All which makes me think that I am getting very curious to see the wonderful beauty, Mrs. I——se *née* F——x, of whom all that have seen her quite rave. All my English correspondents from Rome last winter, and from Pau this, speak of her as "the most superb young woman," "the most perfect beauty" ever beheld, and an Irishman whom I met the other day, in *his* enthusiasm about her has quite raised mine in an unreasonable degree.

As I told you in my last, the Carnival is being finished off with fancy balls. Of these, two have already come off. One on the 26th inst., at the Minister of State's, Monsieur Foulds, whose superb apartments are in the Palace of the Tuileries; and a second at the Count de Morny's last night. At the first I seemed to recognize most of the dresses as those worn on a similar occasion last year, and which does not fulfill the intention of those who promote this species of entertainment, purposely to relieve the present stagnation of trade, as it was hoped every one would buy a new dress for the occasion. Not a bit of it; and I saw nothing *new* or worth describing. Gold and jewels in abundance there were; but I must say their wearers often looked as if they would have been more appropriately employed in exhibiting these trinkets *over a counter* than in thus wearing them as equals amidst princes and peers.

At the ball at Count Morny's the costumes were limited to one epoch—the reign of Louis Quinze—which, though long enough to have admitted of many changes in the fashion at the rate of its present caprices, seemed to me to be interpreted by all in the same style. But the effect is very superior when this plan of representing an epoch is adopted, and the illusion was certainly quite complete. The Countess de Morny is a Russian, and, to my taste, very pretty, though the French call her insipid. She has lovely dark eyes, with fair hair and a fair skin, which seems to me a contrast rather *piquante* than *fade*.

Not to weary you with repeated descriptions, I shall further reserve myself until I can describe to you the ball of the Countess Walewski, which is to be on Saturday. It is said there will be a *petit bal costumé* at the Tuileries on Tuesday, to bury the Carnival; but to this I do not expect an invitation, as the list for these balls is very limited. I was once thus honored, but the favor has not been repeated.

I read, in my retirement, a charming book, which, I think, will be found interesting by your readers: "The Memoirs of the late Duchess of Orleans." It is impossible to have been more highly gifted, more beloved, and more deplored than this truly Christian lady. I saw all the ex-royal family of France together at St. Leonard's, last year, in all the deep mourning of their recent bereavement. I had seen them in their prosperity, but never did they seem to me so truly noble, so claiming all honor and respect as when there exhibiting all those domestic virtues of attention to their aged parent, Queen Amelia, and to each other that family devotion for which they have always been noted.

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF AN AERONAUT.

The *Courier de l'Europa* tells the following, which took place some short time since, on the occasion of the last ascent of that celebrated and lucky aeronaut, M. Godard:

Monsieur Godard took with him on that day, as his *compagnon de voyage*, a wealthy private gentleman, who paid 1000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does that produce upon you?" asked M. Godard of his companion.

"Nothing!" said the latter, laconically.

"My compliments to you," said M. Godard. "You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion."

"Keep on mounting," said the traveler, with a gravity supreme.

M. Godard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.

"And now," added M. Godard, "does your heart beat?"

"Nothing yet!" replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

"The devil!" exclaimed M. Godard; "you have really, my dear Sir, the most perfect qualification to be an aeronaut."

The balloon still ascended; when 1000 feet higher, M. Godard interrogated a third time his companion.

"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing; not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveler, with a tone positively discontented, and like a man who had experienced a profound deception.

"Goodness me! so much the worse then," said the aeronaut, smiling; "but I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough. We are going to descend."

"To descend!"

"Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher."

"That does not make the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend."

"You what?" asked M. Godard.

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given 1000 francs to experience some emotion; I must do so, and I will not descend before I have felt some emotion."

M. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

"Will you ascend, once more?" demanded the traveler, seizing him by the throat and shaking him with violence; "when shall I feel some emotion?"

M. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lost. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his *compagnon de voyage*; he had to do with a madman!

If even the unfortunate aeronaut had had any defensive weapon he would, after all, have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the stars. The earth was 5000 feet beneath—most horrible depth!—and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow," continued the madman, without loosening his grip. "Ah! you think to rob me of 1000 francs, as well as my emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to cut a caper."

The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular force.

M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself. "What do you wish from me?" asked he, with a calm tone and submissive air.

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a somersault," answered the madman, with a ferocious smile.

"But first (the madman appeared to bethink himself) I have my idea. I wish to see if I can't find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride on the semicircle."

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon.

M. Godard, who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.

"But, miserable man, you are going to kill yourself. You will be seized with vertigo."

"No remarks," hissed the madman, seizing him again by the collar, "or I will at once pitch you into the abyss."

"At least," observed M. Godard, "allow me to put this cord round your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon."

"Be it so," said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution.

This done, furnished with his cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon, and placed himself astride the semicircle, as he had said. Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked M. Godard, who feared that he might have the idea of ripping open the balloon.

"To make myself comfortable forthwith."

Uttering these words, the madman cut slowly the cord of safety which M. Godard had attached to his body. With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon, the miserable creature must roll over into the abyss!

"And now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, "we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend! Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down, in a moment, and quicker than that!"

M. Godard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter, still astride of the semicircle, had cut—oh, horror!—four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon. The car inclines horribly—it only holds by two.

"A word, a single word!" cried M. Godard.

"No, no pardon!" vociferated the madman.

"I do not ask for pardon, on the contrary—"

"What is it you wish then?" said the madman, astonished.

"At this moment, now," continued the aeronaut, hurriedly, "we are at a height of 5000 feet."

"Stop," said the madman, "that will be charming, to tumble down from such a height."

"It is still too low," added M. Godard.

"How so?" asked the madman, stupefied.

"Yes," said M. Godard; "my experience as an aeronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from this elevation. Tumble or no tumble, I must prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than to risk being only lamed—have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 3000 feet only."

"Ah! that'll do!" said the madman, whom the mention of a more horrible fall charmed amazingly.

M. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon makes a powerful bound, and mounts 500 feet in a few seconds. Only—and while the madman surveys this operation with a menacing air—the aeronaut thinks to accomplish another in a sense quite contrary.

The quick eye of M. Godard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws this cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for was not long in making itself apparent.

Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated, and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surround him. The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, M. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished.

Arrived on *terra firma*, M. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The following questions have been submitted to us for our consideration. As soon as possible the inquiries of other correspondents will receive due attention.

LAND DRAINAGE.

L. W., Adrian, Michigan, writes: "How can an exact grade be found for the bottom of a drain in which tiles are intended to be laid? The soil is very soft and wet. What is the best-shaped tile? How should tiles be laid? How should they be covered? How does the water get into them?"

1. It is sometimes difficult to get an exact grade in very soft ground. In this case the laying of boards in the bottom of the drain will be found of great advantage. But even these, sometimes, because of the action of the water, are displaced. A few flat stones placed beneath them will assist in preventing the difficulty named.

2. We consider the egg-shaped tile the best, because the smallest quantity of water in a well-graded drain is active in carrying away silt.

3. Before laying tiles in any drain the bottom should be even and compact to prevent their future displacement. In a soft place tiles are apt to *dip*, exposing their ends to the washing in of soil, thus stopping the discharge of water through the drain. The importance, therefore, of having a compact bed or bottom can easily be understood. Boards for one inch tile need not be more than two inches wide and one inch thick; and for larger tiles, they should be wider in proportion. Distribute tiles along the bank so as to have them convenient for the man laying them; then commence at the head of the main drain; lay a tile and place a stone at the upper end of it, so as to prevent the entrance of soil. Continue to lay the tiles one after the other, with as closely fitting joints as possible; and if flat-bottom tiles are used, put *saddles* on the joints. Sometimes grass bands are used, but saddles are better. Saddles, being made of burned clay, will last as long as the tile; whereas grass bands will soon decay, and in such cases, the joints being exposed, there is a possibility, in sandy soils, of silt being washed into the drain. The "laterals" should be so graded that they will empty at the highest point of the main drains; so that water running in the main may not interfere with water discharging from a lateral.

4. When covering drains it is well to place inverted sods over the tiles. They prevent particles of soil from finding their way into them. Soil may now be put in to the depth of about a foot and a half, and a *pounder* used to compact it. Use the pounder on every foot of soil put in afterward. This will prevent, in case of a rain-storm, the water from washing as much silt into the drains as it otherwise would do.

5. Drain-tiles take in water at the joints, and, by absorption, all over their surfaces.

TRENCHING.

W. S. writes: "I am about to trench a few acres of land for a flower and kitchen garden. Will you state some facts on this subject?"

Our choicest fruits, flowers, and kitchen garden plants do best on trenched soils. The best results are obtained from underdrained soils. It is useless to subsoil plow or trench land full of stagnant water. When trenching, the manure used should be such as will bring the soil into the best balance with special reference to the wants of crops. All fertilizers undergoing decomposition should be well distributed through the soil; the mass will be thus rendered homogeneous or of even quality throughout. Bear in mind the *mechanical* action of long manures on heavy soils, the winter management of which was spoken of in the Weekly Farmer some time ago, and on the principle referred to by Dr. Clarke when he said, "The frost is God's plow, which He drives through every inch of ground." When trenching, men should have plenty of room, otherwise they will not work to the best advantage.

The *cut* should be wide, so that the soil turned over may be sloping at its side. This will make it more easy to distribute the manure evenly; for if the side of the trenched soil be upright the greater part of the manure thrown on it will fall to the bottom. When the plow is not used the soil may be undermined and taken down in *falls*. The pick-mattock is an excellent tool for stiff, stony, and rooty ground. Short manure may be spread as thickly as desired on the undisturbed soil, and as the work advances it may be thrown in from shovels or raked in with pick-mattocks by the men in the trench. The picking and shoveling will cause the mass to become of even quality throughout. Long manures, on the contrary, should be shaken evenly through the soil as it is turned over. Sometimes a soil is trenched with the view of inverting it; in this case it must not be taken down in *falls*, but spit after spit to the proper depth. This will cause the soil to be completely turned upside down; but if the object be to make the mass of even quality throughout, take it down in *falls*, pulverize it, and take out stones. The roots of most cultivated plants strike to a depth of several feet in well prepared soils, and there are myriads of the smaller ones running in as many directions, not visible to the naked eye, but easily seen by the aid of a microscope. Every little rootlet, fine as the nervures of a leaf, gives its own supply for the nourishment of the plant. These results are best brought about by the most thorough system of culture.

SUBSOIL PLOWING.

"A Subscriber, Rockford County, Illinois," writes: "Admitting that land in all other respects would be benefited by subsoil plowing, will it do in our hot climate to parch the soil by such exposure?"

The action of the subsoil plow is very different from that of the common hoe. The latter throws the soil up to the sun and air, but the former slightly elevates and loosens it. The air comes in laden with moisture; for in hot weather much water passes into the atmosphere by evaporation from the surfaces of rivers, lakes, seas, etc. The soil, at a slight depth below the immediate surface, is cold enough, even in the extreme heat of summer, to cause the air to give its moisture to the cooler particles. There are many familiar illustrations of this principle, but one will explain what we mean. Let a drinking-glass be wiped dry, and on a hot day pour cold water into it. Moisture condensed from the air will soon be seen to trickle down the outside. Now let us apply this principle; and it is a very important one in agriculture, inasmuch as plants can not use food in the soil in the absence of moisture, and that in seasons of drought, when they most need it, there is plenty in the air. Run the subsoil plow between row crops, corn included, to full depth, the air will come in, and be caused by condensation to give its moisture to the cool soil, and thus be ready to dissolve food for the growing crops.

In addition to the advantages set forth in the Weekly Farmer of February 19 on subsoil plowing, we may add: Subsoil plowed lands are less subject to the ravages of insects than those more shallow plowed. Manures, instead of being washed off the immediate surface by flowing rains, are carried into, and disseminated through, the surface of the soil sufficiently deepened to receive them. Trees are not so short-lived; fruits are fairer and less liable to drop, as the roots of trees are deep enough in the soil to supply food during the dry portions of the year; blossoms are perfected, instead of being removed by slight winds; leaves are less likely to be parched; diseases of the bark, such as "hide-bound" with the cherry and plum, less seldom occur; and, if the soil is underdrained, sorrels and sour grasses disappear. The ordinary pests of the field can not find a hiding-place at a slight depth below the surface as when shallow plowing alone is practiced.

Two farmers, side by side, with soils and fertilizing materials alike in quality and quantity, one using freely the subsoil plow, and deepening his surface plowing, and the other pursuing the shallow system, will develop at the end of ten years two different conditions—the one with the farm doubled in value, and money to loan; the other with a deteriorated soil, covered by a mortgage. The farmer who told his son that he buried a treasure deep in the earth, and that he must find it, secured wealth to his heir—the disturbance of the soil to discover the treasure produced its equivalent in value.

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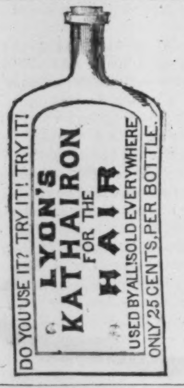
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In mingled tears and laughter glances.
One sunny hour, and then a shower,
A glow of heat, and next a shiver;
To-day the rose half opes and blows,
To-morrow ice is in the river.

Through branching roots the spring life shoots,
The sap is swelling leaf and blossom;
In warmer flood the mantling blood
Now leaps through every human bosom.
Dear Annie's eye, though still and shy,
Yet glistens with a tenderer meaning,
And though to coy to own her joy,
We see her heart is toward us leaning.

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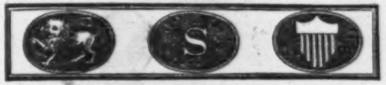

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